

The Daily Mirror

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**"SEVERAL OTHER MARRIAGES": REMARKABLE EVIDENCE GIVEN
IN "THE DEAD BRIDES CASE" YESTERDAY.**

WHOLE PAGE P. 16955



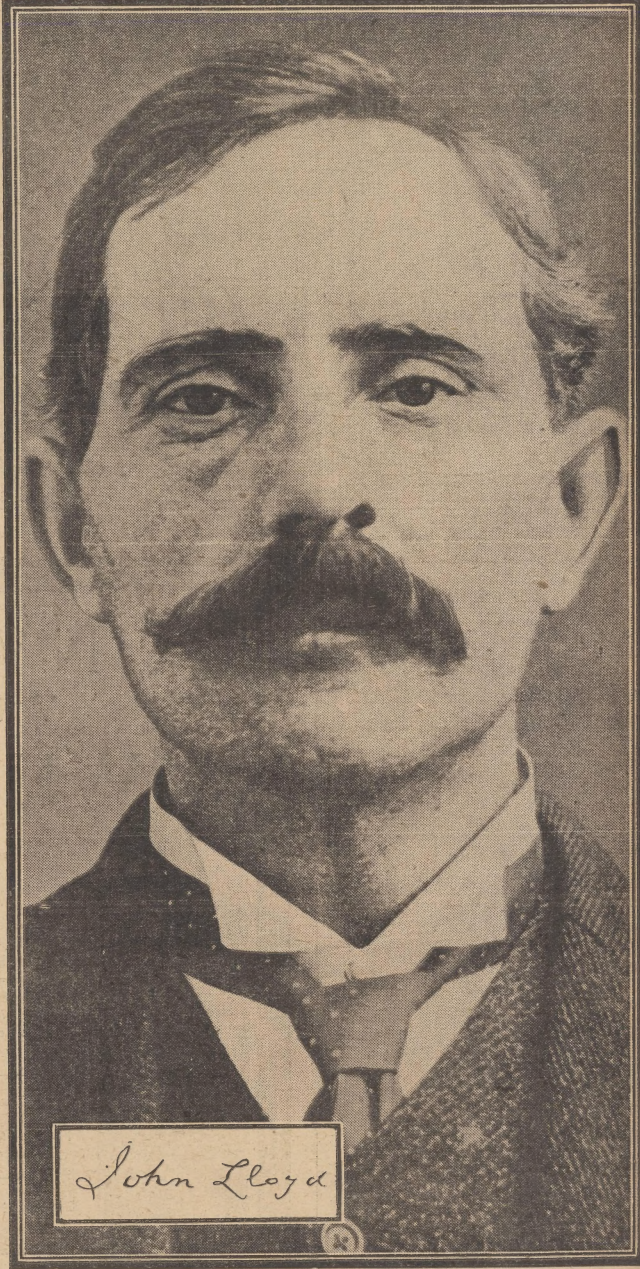
Miss Munday, whom Smith is alleged to have married at Weymouth.



Mrs. Alice Smith.



Smith in court.



George Smith. He is described as of independent means.

There was a remarkable development at Bow-street yesterday in what has become known as the dead brides case, Mr. Bodkin, who appeared for the prosecution, stating that he was in a position to prove "several other marriages." He then called evidence to show that the prisoner, George Smith, had, under different names, been

married at Weymouth, Leicester and Woolwich. The charge against Smith is of forging certain entries in relation to the registration of his marriage with Margaret Elizabeth Loft at Bath. Mrs. Alice Smith was found dead in her bath. Her body was exhumed at Blackpool Cemetery quite recently.

5/11 BLOUSE WEEK
at
DERRY & TOMS
KENSINGTON · LONDON · W

TO-DAY and following Days in
SHIRT Section on Ground Floor

A New Departure—Special Display
and Sale of Blouses at 5/11.

The illustrations show the supreme character
of the bargains. Most Orders executed in
rotation; but garments cannot be sent on
approval. A personal visit will reveal
hundreds of other
bargains equally
tempting.

Bon Marché Shantung
Silk Blouse, prettily
embroidered collar. Very
smart and excel-
lent value .. 5/11

Smart voile
Blouse with
large coloured
spots on White
ground. New
military collar
Special Value
5/11

Colour of
spots:—Black,
Slate, Heli-
Old Rose and
Navy.

THE KENSINGTON—
Good quality White
Silk Blouse
with hem 5/11
stitching

PERSONAL.

SWEETHEART—Decided farewell, prefer not lunch;
write—Yours.
FRIENDS Traced; secret inquiries.—Rivers, 20, Regent-st.,
London.
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity;
ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of
6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements
in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words).
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Bouverie-st., London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.
A BABY'S Long Clothes set, 50 pieces, 21s.; everything
necessary; wonderfully beautiful robes; very superior;
perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant
approval.—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.
A Troussseau—24 Nightdresses, Knickers, chemise, petticoats,
etc., 25s., easy payments.—Wood, 51, Queens-st., Leeds.
A TROUSSEAU, 25s.; 24 nightdresses, Dressing Jacket,
Chemise, etc.; easy terms.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Titchfield-rd., W.
BARGAINS in Beautiful Clothing, slightly worn; list,
stamp.—Miss Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl., London.
5/ MONTHLY—Privately by post. Suits, Costumes, Rain-
coats, Blankets, Bedding, Grapesomes, Watches,
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lists free; stat. which of above required.—Masters, Ltd., 75,
Hope Street, Rye. Established 1869.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANTIQUES Old China, beadwork bags, silk pictures, old
coloured prints, gold and silver reliquaries, ornaments,
etc., bought for cash.—Folkards, 355, Oxford-st., W.
A NY old False Teeth Bought, any kind, up to 2s. per
tooth on valuable to £2 on metals.—Bell's, Ltd., Leeds.
A RTIFICIAL Teeth Bought; 5s. to 15s. for sets; also
disused jewellery, scrap platinum.—Call or post, Mack
and Co., 21, Elgin-terrace, Paddington, London.
A RTIFICIAL Teeth (old Bought)—Messrs. Browning,
Dental Manufacturers, 43, Oxford-st., London.
The Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full
value by return or offer made; call or post; Ref. 100 years.
A RTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought; on vulcanite, up to
£1 5s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum,
£1 15s.; immediate cash or offer.—Call or post, mention-
ing "Daily Mirror." Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London.
Ref. 150 years.
CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any
condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios,
—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., London.
CASH OFF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.;
best prices; buyers attend free; cash or post; Ref. 1843 Park
Road, E.C. 4.
GENT'S, Ladies' left-off Clothes, old false teeth, etc.;
Ref. prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.
SUGGESTION for Those Wishing to Send More Help to
Soldiers' Funds.—Sell any old Gold Jewellery, Gold
Trinkets, Gold Bracelets, Gold Rings, Gold Chains, for
prompt cash to Frasers, the well-known and the most re-
liable firm; best value for parcels, or offers made; refer-
ence Capital and Counties Bank—Fraser's (Jewellers), Ltd.,
Goldsmiths, Dept. 27, Finsbury-st., London, E.C. 1, 1833.

Articles for Disposal.

A CUTLERY Service, 30 pieces 25s.; all silver plate,
finest Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything
required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Rowles,
Second Avenue, Manor, 78, Essex.
BABY Cars, direct from factory, on approval; carriage
paid; we save you 3s. 2d.; cash or easy payments from 4s.
monthly; send for splendid new catalogue
free—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 74), Coventry.
BEDSTEADS! Bedding! Why pay shop prices? Newest
patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mat-
tresses, Cots, etc.; Furnishings, bedroom and general; all
goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new
condition; and postcard to day for Illustrated Price List
(post free); 1 shilling discount for cash or supply goods pay-
able in monthly instalments; established 26 years;—Pleasant
mention "Mirror" when writing for lists.
CENTURY China Bargains—Household and Individual
Orders at Party Prices; separate Dinner-Tes, Toilet
Services, beautiful designs from 3s.; Complete Home Out-
fits; 30,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated
Catalogue free, presents offered; write to-day.—Century
Pottery, Dept. 16, Burslem.

The Arch-Enemy of Youth

Double Chin and How to Banish It.

AT your own convenience and in your own home you can
absolutely banish this unfortunate disfigurement and restore
the natural beauty of your contour.

Double chin is positively banished, quickly and inexpensively,
by the wonderful "CYCLAX" Chin Strap and Throat Lotion,
introduced by Mrs. Hemming, the world's premier beauty specialist,
whose preparations are used in all the Royal Courts of Europe.

The "CYCLAX" Chin Strap and Throat Lotion brace up drooping muscles, obliterate the tell-tale lines from nose to mouth and remove all traces of fatigue and depression from the face by restoring the elasticity of youth to the skin. Thus the double chin is quickly reduced and finally entirely eliminated.



Your face remodelled in youth and beauty.

Ladies who are unable to visit the elegant CYCLAX SALONS in London are invited to correspond personally with Mrs. Hemming on any matter connected with Beauty Cultivation without obligation. Full particulars will be sent on application of the

"CYCLAX" Chin Strap (6/6) and "CYCLAX" Throat Lotion (4/-).

Mrs. Hemming's preparations are strongly recommended by medical men of the highest standing. A trial is convincing, and no further persuasion will be required to continue their use. Send for Mrs. Hemming's

Valuable FREE Book

"The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty" containing unique suggestions on Hygiene, Figure and Skin. Sent gratis and post free to all readers mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

THE "CYCLAX" SALONS, 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.

DUNVILLE'S V.R. WHISKY

2nd January, 1905.

"This is to Certify that the 'V.R.' and 'Special Liqueur' Brands of Irish Whisky of Messrs. Dunville & Co., Ltd., of Belfast, have been passed by the Examining Board of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene as fulfilling the standard of Purity and Quality required by them."

Certificate awarded by Incorporated Institute of Hygiene, for ten consecutive years since above date.

Guaranteed Genuine Only when bearing Branded Cork and Capsule



DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd., ROYAL IRISH, BELFAST.

Articles for Disposal.

PEACH'S CURTAINS—Guide Book Free; Lace Curtains, Caseement Fabrics, Linens, Laces; direct from actual Makers; send now for the best Book for Curtains.—S. Peach and Sons, 219, The Looms, Nottingham.
REAL Inland Lino at wholesale prices, 1s. 6d. per sq. yd.; manufacturers' clearance, the floor and carpet effects, 20 years' hard wear.—Write Desk 5 for samples and 1913 coloured design booklets free by return post. Ward's Furnishing Stores, South Tottenham, London, N. 7. Those Tottenham 1833.
DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 141), 26, Denmark-hill, London. At this month's sensational bargains; don't delay; write free list of 5,000 unselected bargains now ready; sent post at once; guaranteed genuine items; it will save you pounds; all goods sent on seven days' approval.
12/6—FIELD, Race or Marine Glasses; Military Binoculars and Navy; 50 miles 12s. approval.
32/6—POWERFUL Binoculars, Field, Marine or Race most powerful glass made; none of this can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus; solid leather case; week's free trial; bargain, 32s. 6d. approval.
12/6—MAGNIFICENT Set of Rich Black Russian fox-trimmed 12 fox-tails and heads, and large Duches Muff to match; 12s. 6d.; never worn; approval willingly.
14/6—REAL Russian Fur; magnificent rich dark sable; brown, skin long Granville Stole, shaped collar; and heads, and large Granville Muff matching; together, richly satin lined; beautifully trimmed; 12 Russian tail; approval before payment.
12/9—BABY'S Long Clothes; supreme quality; 40 broadened American robes; beautifully made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; bargain, 12s. 9d.; approval before payment.
10/6—GENT'S 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter to a few seconds; 10 years' warranty; time to time; with handsome compass attached; week's free trial; together, hand and keyless; superb chronograph watch (B. Stanton, London); jewelled movement, time to minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; great bargain, 10s. 6d.; approval willingly.
12/6—GENT'S massive double Albert, 18-ct. gold, stamped filled solid link, curb pattern; 12s. 6d. approval.
21/-—LADY'S solid gold English hall-marked Watch, 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 21s. approval.
14/6—GENT'S curb chain padlock Buckle, with SOLID 18-ct. gold link; 14s. 6d.; approval.
19/9—LADY'S Trousseau; 24 superfine quality night-dress, 10 years' warranty; 7 days' trial; 19s. 9d. approval.
22/6—Wristlet, with luminous hands and figures, so that time can be distinctly seen at night; perfect timekeeper; 10 yrs. warranty; week's trial; 22s. 6d.; approval.
3/9—LADY'S solid gold Marquise Ring, set one mass of lovely Parisian diamonds and rubies; 3s. 9d. approval.
8/6—MASSIVE curb chain padlock Buckle, with safety chain; solid link; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in relief Parisian diamonds and rubies; 8s. 6d.; approval.
8/9—LADY'S 18-ct. solid gold hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire double ball chain; 8s. 9d.; approval.
12/6—LADY'S Choice 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Expanding Wrist Watch; exquisite design; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval.
DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 141), PAWNBROKERS, 26, DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, LONDON.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOES your daughter wish to become a Female Learner? Then write to the Secretary, Kingsway Correspondence School, 4, College-rd., Harrow. Low fees, expert tuition.

SNOW KAISER.

P. 1059 G.



Effigy of the Kaiser made by some French soldiers in the Argonne. Note the enormous moustache.

AUSTRIANS BURN WHAT THEY MOST NEED.

P. 11909 A



During their retreat from Suwalki the Austrians burnt a great quantity of wheat, as they feared it would fall into the hands of the Russians, and the picture shows the charred remains of a large store belonging to the Government. There is a great shortage of cereals in the Dual Monarchy, and the soldiers destroyed what the country most needs.

"TAKE THE STRAIN": THE GURKHAS' STRENUOUS LEISURE.

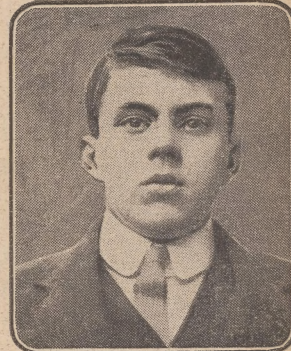
P. 6140 E



No wonder that the Gurkhas keep as fit as the proverbial fiddle. They are like the Britisher in their love of sport, and the picture shows a number of them engaging in a tug-of-war. They are on the banks of the Suez Canal, and had just helped to drive back the Turks, whose attempt to reach Egypt proved such a hopeless failure.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

P. 17080



Arthur Johnson, of Darlaston (Staffs), who was sent back to school after enlisting secretly. Though only thirteen, he is 5ft. 7in. in height, with a chest measurement of 37in.

HUSBAND WOUNDED.

P. 9806



Lady Belper, Lord Aberdare's daughter, whose husband has been seriously wounded. Her brother, the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, was recently killed.

MAKING SOLDIERS IN THE FAR WEST OF CANADA.

P. 6180 H



Canada is sending more and more men to fight for the Empire, and the Premier has said that contingents will be dispatched as long as they are needed. The picture shows men of the 31st Battalion of the Dominion Expeditionary Force working a Colt machine gun amid the snows of Calgary.—(W. J. Oliver.)

GIRL WHO "BEARDS" THE KAISER.

Young Essayists' Confusion as to the Kaiser's Appearance.

GRETCHENS' WORSHIP.

What do the "frauleins" of Germany think of the English?

The answer comes in a "composition" written in a schoolroom in the Fatherland by a young girl receiving her education in a secondary school at Frankfurt. She writes:—

"The English will soon have enough of us. The English are wicked enemies." The chief preoccupation of the essayists is, however, "Unser Kaiser." Here are some extracts from the contribution of Elsa:—

"In the difficult times of the war the task of our Emperor is not easy, for it is difficult to watch over the army. At the present moment he is in Russia, to inflame his brave troops with his glance. Our Emperor is the best of Sovereigns. He travels from place to place in order to inspect his troops.

When one thinks that the Tsar remains at St. Petersburg and allows his troops to lay waste and plunder, one must understand that our Emperor is the best Emperor in the world. When our Emperor comes for a few hours to Berlin he speaks from his balcony to the German people.

"So long as the Emperor remains in good health Germany will win. What a good thing it was for our Emperor to introduce the grey field uniforms for the army; at night, on the field of battle, the grey uniform is not seen. On the contrary, the red trousers of the French stand out prominently and often betray them.

"We Germans," the essay concludes, "have confidence in God and in the Emperor, and this sentiment constantly gives us new strength. Therefore we shall be victorious—we must be victorious."

The other fair pupils—Gerda, Irene, Yvonne, Luisa, Elinor, Lotte, Erica, Gertrud and Wilma—are not very strong in spelling, but what they

TWO DEAD BRIDES—AMAZING SEQUEL.

Bigamy Alleged Against Smith, Who Is Said To Have Contracted Five Marriages—"Wife in Canada."

There were dramatic developments in the "dead brides" case, investigation of which was resumed before Mr. Hopkins at Bow-street Police Court yesterday.

In the dock was George Smith, aged forty-three, described as independent, whose two wives were found dead in their baths. He is charged with "having caused a false entry to be made in a marriage certificate at Bath on December 17 of last year."

At the previous hearing Mr. Bodkin, for the prosecution, had stated that "a much graver charge" would be brought at some later stage. When the case was called on yesterday Mr. Bodkin said:—

"I shall be able to call evidence of the marriage of the prisoner in 1898 and the continued existence of his wife now living, and also of several other marriages since that time. His first wife's maiden name was Caroline Beatrice Thornhill."

New evidence was called yesterday to show that Smith had contracted the following three marriages in the names of Love, Williams and James:—

Marriage No. 1.—Celebrated at St. Matthew's Church, Leicester, on January 17, 1898, in the names of George Oliver Love and Caroline Beatrice Thornhill (who is now in Canada).

Marriage No. 2.—Celebrated at Weymouth, in August, 1910, the names of the parties being Mr. Williams and Miss Munday.

Marriage No. 3.—Celebrated at Bow-street Police Office on September 17, 1914, the names of the parties being Charles James and Alice Beatrice Reavill.

During the evidence of Mrs. Thornhill, a thin, fragile-looking woman, the mother of Charles B. Thornhill, there was an intensely dramatic moment. Asked if the prisoner was the man who married her daughter, she replied, "Yes" in an agitated voice.

Turning towards the dock she pointed one of her hands to the prisoner, and, controlling herself with an effort, cried, "And that man knows it!"

Evidence given at the previous hearings showed that Smith, in the name of John Lloyd, married a woman named Margaret Elizabeth Lofy, and that the next day she was found dead in a bath in lodgings which they had taken at Bismarck-road, Highbury. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of Accidental death from drowning.

When arrested Smith admitted having married two years ago a woman who died in her bath at Blackpool some weeks later.

Smith, who leaned on the dock rail listening intently to the new witnesses, was again reminded.

BRIDE OF SEVENTEEN.

Mr. Bodkin said that Smith was first married in 1898 to Caroline Beatrice Thornhill.

Mr. Arthur Amos Elliott, the sexton of St. Matthew's Church, Leicester, produced an entry of a marriage between George Oliver Love and Caroline Beatrice Thornhill.

He said that he recognised the prisoner George Smith as the man who was married as George Oliver Love. He remembered prisoner's voice.

Mr. W. P. Davies (for the defence): You say you recognise him by his voice—after seventeen years?—Yes.

"Rather extraordinary?" suggested Mr. Davies.

Smith laughed scornfully as he stood in the dock.

Mr. Elliott said he was quite sure of the identification.

Mrs. Caroline Thornhill, of George-street, Leicester, the mother of "Mrs. Love," said her daughter was seventeen at the time of the marriage. "I did not approve of it," she said.

Counsel: Did you see her in his company before the wedding?—Yes.

"Do you recognise him here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Thornhill, looking at the man in the dock. "He knows I do."

Mrs. Thornhill said that "Love" and her daughter lived in a baker's shop for three months after the marriage. "Love" took a little haberdashery's shop in Martin-street, Leicester, and they were there about three months.

After that her daughter came to live at home in Argyl-street, and whilst there she saw prisoner once. He came and looked at the apartment, and window of the room in which she was sitting. That must have been more than ten years ago.

He came and looked at the apartment, and there nearly ten years. She came home from three years ago for a holiday, and then returned.

Mr. E. J. Thornhill, who is a shoemaker, said he did not give the consent to the marriage, as he knew nothing of Love's character.

"I was not at the church for the marriage," he said. "I stood in the street and watched them go to the church, but I did not follow them in."

TWO OTHER WEDDINGS.

Frederick Crabb, of Dorset-place, Weymouth, said that in August, 1910, he was living in Rodwell-street, where he let apartments. There were living in these apartments a Mr. Williams and a Miss Munday. Williams was the prisoner.

Or so Mr. Crabb asked Miss Munday how she should address her. She replied that for the present she should be called Miss Munday, but she was going to be married in a few days to Williams.

Witness and his wife attended the wedding

at the register office as witnesses on August 26, 1910.

Prisoner left about the middle of the next month, and witness had not seen him from that time until that morning.

Mr. Cyril James, registrar of marriages at Woolwich, produced a notice of marriage by Special Order of the Registrar-General, dated September 15, 1914, referring to a marriage between "Oliver Charles James, bachelor," and "Alice Reavill, spinster."

A licence was granted, and witness was present when the marriage took place on September 15.

"Do you recognise the man who was married?" Mr. Bodkin asked.

"I could not swear to him," said witness.

HUSBAND WHO VANISHED.

Alice Reavill, a pleasant-faced woman, dressed in a blue costume, said she was a domestic servant, and was now living at Plumstead Common-road.

"Last September," said Miss Reavill, "I was at Bournemouth for a holiday. The prisoner came up to me and got into conversation."

"I knew him as Charles Oliver James."

Miss Reavill definitely recognised the prisoner as James, and said she knew him as an artist, and that he had land in Canada. After they had met a few times he proposed marriage and she accepted him.

She returned to Plumstead in the third week in September, and they were married at the register office on September 17.

"At that time were you possessed of some property?" asked counsel.

"WITHDREW HER £76 SAVINGS."

"I was," said Miss Reavill. "I had a number of things. He suggested that I should sell them, and I got £24 for them. He asked me to give the money to him, but I said I was quite capable of looking after it myself, and would not hand it over."

"At the time we were married I had the money, and afterwards, as we were going to Water to Cleam in a cab, he asked me for the money. He showed me banknotes which, he said, amounted to £72. I did not inspect them, but handed over my money."

"When we got to Clapham and the luggage was taken upstairs he came down with a Post Office Savings Bank withdrawal form and asked me to sign it. He knew that I had money there, and to sign it. He said he would like me to draw it out, so as to make a banking account of it."

"We went out together and posted the form. It was for £76 and some odd silver. The warrant arrived after a day or two, and he came with me to the bank to get it. He asked for the money in £1 notes, but she said they could not do it."

"There was interest on the money which brought it to £76. There were five £10 and some £5 and £1 notes, but he took these and I did not see them. I took only the odd money."

"WAITED IN VAIN."

They left the lodgings at nine o'clock next morning. Prisoner said they were going to hunt for a house, and they went off by tramway-car.

He asked her if she would like to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and she replied that she would not mind. He said: "As soon as you like to say so we will go."

Miss Reavill proceeded:—

"We got off the tramway-car and passed through some gardens. Then he said: 'I shall not be many minutes' wait here.'"

Smith said that he never saw him again until February 22, and I have never had either my £76 or my £14.

Miss Reavill said she went back to the lodgings and read a telegram there from him, saying: "Wait home for letter on Monday."

Later she received a registered letter from prisoner, which read:—

"Dearest—I could not possibly let you know beforehand of my programme, otherwise you might have agreed to have come together until my return from Halifax, but I am due at Halifax, Canada, next Friday. Also I could not bear to come and say good-bye before going, because you would, perhaps, have broken down and tried to stop me from going. So I thought it best to do it this way."

"I have a splendid home there awaiting you. If you will forgive me, do come to Halifax as soon as you can. I shall be most anxious to see you in our way, and you will be the happiest woman in the world. I have placed certain money in your hands, and I have a direct line to my house at Woolwich."

"Cheer up! All's well that ends well. I am, I hope, your devoted husband, and I shall find me. Every one here is well."

Witness added that she never got her luggage, which was worth £50.

SERGEANT SENTENCED TO DEATH.

A sergeant in the 6th Welsh Reserve Battalion was sentenced to death by Mr. Justice Atkin at Glamorgan Assizes yesterday.

Wilfred Hopper, the sergeant in question, had been found guilty of the murder of Private Enoch Daniel Dudley. He was recommended to mercy, and the Judge said this would be forwarded to the proper quarter.

The evidence showed that after a heavy drinking on Christmas Day a quarrel arose between Hopper and Dudley, who was charged with stealing a bottle of whisky.

Dudley and Private Lewis Gates were placed under arrest, and on the way to the drill-hall Hopper drew a knife and stabbed Dudley. Then Hopper brought his rifle down the slope and fired, killing Dudley and severely wounding Gates.

Prisoner said he brought his rifle down into a position to protect himself, but did not intend to fire.

MAGPIE MODES IN FASHION'S FAVOUR.

Quaint Combination of Black and White in Latest Costumes.

CHESS-BOARD BELTS.

Magpie modes are again in fashion, and the black and white girl can purchase more extraordinary toilettes to suit her tastes in Bond-street than ever before.

The quaint beaded veil worn nearly forty years ago in black and white is revived in Paris, and the girl who is an enthusiast for colour contrasts can now purchase any of the following:—

A striped gown of black and white.

A magpie costume consisting of a black coat and skirt with white facings and white waistcoat.

Kimono vest gowns of white satin brocade with raised black pattern.

Black hats with little tufts of white ribbons—or a white feather.

We silk and satin hats with black roses—black velvet ribbons or black feathers.

Black and white shoes and boots—that is, with white uppers and black vamp.

White satin blouses with many curious little black buttons.

The blonde black and white girl wears a black hat and a black velvet ribbon around her neck, which shows off the golden brightness of her hair.

A brunette looks better with one of the pretty soft white silk hats, as a contrast to the dusiness of her hair.

In West End establishments new black and white materials from France are being shown. Among them are silk plaids and soft brocades.

One of the black and white styles that are expected to arrive is a kind of a chess-board border to the now fashionable wide skirts.

There are chess-board broad belts to match these queer touches.

CLERK'S UNUSUAL CLAIM.

Alleged Consumption in an Office—Verdict for Former Employers.

An unusual claim for damages for personal injury came before Mr. Justice Low and a special jury yesterday.

The action was brought by John Rudolph Colby, a clerk, of Cleland-road, Catford, against his former employers, Messrs. Hooper, Struve and Co., Ltd., chemists, Pall Mall East. The plaintiff alleged that he had contracted phthisis owing to defendants' negligence.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendants.

Mr. K. H. Horne, opening the case, said the plaintiff was formerly employed as a clerk in the defendants' office, and his case was that he contracted consumption either by the condition of the defendants' premises or from one of their employees.

Plaintiff entered defendants' service in November, 1906, and worked in their office until 1910, when he alleged he contracted this disease. In 1910 a fellow-clerk named Tillet developed consumption, and when he left was provided for by the firm. Later on, Robbins suffered from phthisis, and consumption and worked in the office until a few days before his death. Plaintiff left a short time before Robbins died.

Mr. Alfred Ernest Allen, secretary to the defendant company, said when Robbins told him he was attending the throat hospital he said he had a growth in his throat. He had never heard of Robbins until he was told of his death.

Dr. William Shears thought the plaintiff had every chance of catching the disease by working in a room where a man suffering from consumption behaved as Robbins was said to have done.

"BETTER DIE THAN BE ASHAMED."

An open verdict was returned at a Fulham inquest yesterday on the body of a newly-born baby which was found in Moore Park-road, Fulham, on Saturday morning.

Attached to the material in which the body was wrapped was the following letter:—

"Whoever finds this poor child I hope will have no trouble over it. I am obliged to do this cruel action, as my young man left me in the lurch and joined the Army. I am seventeen years old and don't want to get into trouble over it, so I leave it on someone's doorstep."

"I have no friends and I am in a daily place, I could not leave it there, so forgive a poor girl without parents."

"I cannot find out where my boy has gone or what regiment he joined. I feel heart-broken over it. Better die than be ashamed all your life long."

Medical evidence showed that the child's death was due to inattention at birth.

GERMANS BLOWN UP IN ARSENAL.

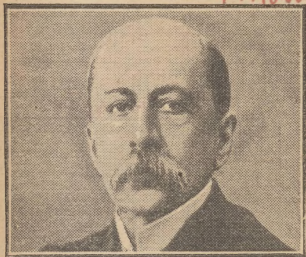
AMSTERDAM, March 9.—Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock a terrific explosion occurred at the Pyrotechnic Arsenal, near the Harwich Boat Pier, Antwerp.

Fourteen men were killed and seventy injured, most of the victims being Germans. Two Germans who were passing at the time were killed.

The building was badly damaged.—Central News.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Fair generally, but misty in places; some frost in morning; temperature rising later to about the normal level.



M. Gounaris, who has accepted the task of forming a Cabinet. He will probably present the list of new Ministers to the King of Greece to-day, says an Athens telegram.

lack in orthography they make up in admiration for "Unser Kaiser."

All of them seem to have been struck by the fact that the Kaiser's birthday was not celebrated this year with the customary pomp.

They are not all in agreement as to the physical appearance of the Sovereign.

While Erica describes him as having a short beard and white hair, Yvonne says he is a handsome man, with black eyes, black hair and a black moustache.

Yvonne, it should be explained, is a German-French girl, expelled from Paris by the war.

The youthful refugee has only kindly things to say of the Emperor, "who thinks of his little German girls, as with their bags on their backs, they trot off to school."

Other pupils vaunt the authority of the Emperor, who, in spite of his fifty-three years, is stronger than other men.

Many of them declare that since the war began he has grown very thin and very grave. Little Gertrud writes: "When the war broke out the Kaiser declared: 'I know no parties—I only know Germans.' Ordinarily our Emperor was gay. Now he is so sad."

"He is so thin and pale. He always says: 'We must win, and we will win.' And that is what we will do. He is now much more serious than before."

Victory is the theme of all these Gretchens. They are all convinced that "our Kaiser" is foremost in the fighting line.

NO OLYMPIC GAMES IN BERLIN.

PARIS, March 9.—The president of the International Olympic Committee, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, has decided that the Olympic Games of 1916 will not be decided in Berlin.

The permission granted to the German Olympic Committee to run the games in Berlin has been cancelled and transferred to America, who will select the city at which the games will take place.

They will not be counted as regular Olympic Games, and any records won go down in athletic history as Olympic records.

This decision has been come to in reply to Germany's claim that the Olympic Games would be run in Berlin as arranged, but would be open to neutral countries only.—Exchange.

HUNS' BEST ARMY CORPS LOSES MORE THAN 12,000 MEN IN ONE FIGHT

Battlefield Covered with Dead After Tsar's Troops Rout Enemy.

CAPTURE OF GRODNO AND FIGHT FOR A HILL.

Sir John French's Tribute to 'Tommy's' Individual Skill in Rounding Up Snipers.

MINE EXPLODED UNDER FOE'S TRENCH NEAR YPRES.

Germany's severe losses in men and material in recent fighting at Grodno are vividly revealed in yesterday's communiqué from Petrograd. The Huns explain their retreat from Grodno by the statement that the army there was required for operations elsewhere.

Great forces of Russians exerted a continuous and grinding pressure on the enemy after it was found that twelve German army corps had met with "complete discomfiture."

In taking Hill 1,003, commanding the whole region round Grodno, the Russians took 1,000 prisoners, six cannon and machine guns.

Though this hill was defended by the 21st German Army Corps—Germany's best—which lost from 12,000 to 15,000 men, the Kaiser's hordes were compelled to beat a retreat.

Sir John French, in a dispatch issued yesterday, reports that the British have obtained complete mastery over the enemy's snipers.

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF FOE AT HILL 1,003.

How the Russians Drove the Germans from Commanding Point at Grodno.

PETROGRAD, March 8.—An official communiqué issued here says:—

The Germans explain their retreat from Grodno by the necessity of using the army which was fighting there for other operations.

This statement requires some explanation. The Germans effected this retreat under continual pressure from our forces in accordance with orders, the fulfilment of which was our ascertaining the complete discomfiture of two German corps.

This discomfiture followed upon the capture by our troops after several days' fighting supported by garrison artillery of Hill 1,003, which commands the whole region of operations round Grodno.

In this affair we captured 1,000 prisoners, six cannon and machine-guns.

The hill was defended by the 21st Army Corps, their best corps, which lost during the fight from 12,000 to 15,000 killed, judging by the dead who were abandoned.

After the defeat of the German counter-attacks on Hill 1,003 the enemy's operations became strictly defensive.

We continued to take one village after another, making prisoners everywhere.

Our offensive was only checked by the enemy's fire, but there were scarcely any German counter-attacks. On March 5 the enemy's 12th howitzers were still bombarding Ossowives, but since then the bombardment has only been continual with guns of medium calibre.—Reuter.

FOE'S ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, March 9.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

The only facts reported since the last communiqué are that last night a violent bombardment was delivered by the enemy from the region east of Steen Stroeete (south of Dixmude), followed by an attempted attack by the Germans, which failed.

At the Reichackerkopf several attacks were made by the enemy, which were easily repulsed.—Reuter.

"INVASION OF GERMANY" RUMOUR.

LAUSANNE, March 9.—Alikirk is isolated by floods, which have interrupted all operations in the Sundgau.

The Berliner Tageblatt publishes a statement which is regarded as a canard, that British troops have been concentrated to take part in an invasion of South Germany.—Central News.

HUN SNIPERS MASTERED.

The Field-Marshal commanding the British forces in France reports as follows:—

The situation on our front remains unchanged. The mastery over the enemy's snipers, reported in my communiqué of March 1 as having been acquired in the neighbourhood of La Bassée, has been maintained, and similar conditions

have been produced in other portions of our front, notably in the region of Ypres.

This result is similarly due to local and individual initiative, and has been materially assisted by successful mining operations.

On the night of March 5 a mine was exploded under a German trench south-east of Ypres, several of the enemy being killed.

The mine crater was temporarily occupied by our troops and the enemy's trench on each side was rendered useless.

On several sectors of our front the enemy's artillery has been more active than usual, but the effects have been slight.

LOOKING FOR "POWERFUL BLOWS."

AMSTERDAM, March 9.—A telegram from Berlin states that in closing the session of the Prussian Diet the President said:—

"I hope that under the powerful blows of our glorious forces on land and sea and in the air we shall, when the House reassembles after Whitsun, have made further progress in vanquishing our enemy in the west, north and east, and that the certain confidence in final victory with which we to-day adjourn will then have approached nearer fulfilment."—Reuter.

DRAMATIC DOWNFALL OF BULGARIAN PREMIER.

War Crisis Caused by King's Rejection of His Proposals for Action Against Turkey.

PARIS, March 9.—The Echo de Paris states that a Ministerial crisis is reported to have occurred in Bulgaria as a result of the King and the leaders of the Stambouloff Party having rejected the advice of the Prime Minister, M. Radoslavov, who proposed action against Turkey and the occupation of Adrianople.

It is added that the crisis has resulted in the overthrow of M. Radoslavov.—Central News.

PARIS, March 9.—The Belgian deputy, M. Georges Lorrain, in an article published in the Petit Parisien respecting the attitude of Bulgaria, says that he is in a position to make the following statement:—

It is well known at Athens, and it should also be known at Paris, that Bulgaria has definitely decided not to march against us in any event, and she will not abandon her policy of neutrality unless it be to come to our aid.

If Bulgaria should abandon her neutrality—and this, she hopes, will not be long delayed—it will be in order to march on Constantinople with the Allies, bringing them the assistance of her army, which will be very valuable once the forts of the Dardanelles are demolished and the way prepared for driving into Asia all that remains of the Turkish Army.—Exchange.

BRITAIN'S 'BLUFF' ARMIES

AMSTERDAM, March 9.—German writers continue to show extraordinary ignorance regarding Great Britain's new armies.

For instance, one of the military correspondents of the Koelnische Volks-Zeitung remarks, after the customary expressions of contempt for the British forces:—

Some time ago we read in British and French newspapers that eighteen new army corps were being formed, and the names were given of the commanders of the six armies among which the corps are to be distributed.

Germany has not done her enemy the compliment of falling prostrate with fear at this announcement, but has regarded it as a specimen of British bluff.

It has been stated that a portion of the new armies is to fight side by side with the French in the Vosges.

If this is true our brave troops will certainly give the British mercenaries the same warm reception which they gave them some months ago.

"It must be regarded as extremely improbable that Great Britain will be able to land eighteen new army corps on the French coast. These new corps would require 650,000 men."—Reuter.

HOW GREEK KING HOPES TO OVERCOME CRISIS.

New Cabinet to Dissolve Chamber Failing Promise to Maintain Neutrality.

ATHENS, March 8.—As M. Zaimis has declined the task of forming a Cabinet the King has summoned M. Gounaris, member of the Chamber of Deputies for Patras.—Reuter.

ATHENS, March 9.—The new Cabinet of M. Gounaris will prorogue the Chamber for thirty days and will subsequently, if necessary, proceed to dissolution, failing a promise from the Chamber to follow a policy of friendly neutrality instead of intervention in the war.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, March 8.—The German papers discuss the Greek situation on the assumption that M. Venizelos wanted participation in the war, while the King and probably General Dasmanis favoured the maintenance of neutrality.

Writing in the Tageblatt, Theodor Wolff says: "By his bold step the King, as he is probably aware, has not freed himself permanently from the war enthusiasts. M. Venizelos has a loyal majority in the Chamber. The majority of the newspapers, and of the coffee-house orators are for England and France, and if another Dardanelles fiasco falls all kinds of popular demonstrations will be seen in the streets of Athens."

However, after the Budget has been disposed of the King can send the Deputies home for months, and it may be assumed that he will not force this legally permissible pleasure, and since apparently he cannot find it difficult to prove to the people that any abandonment of neutrality by Greece would instantly bring other Balkan people on the scene."—Reuter.

TELLER OF FAIRY TALES AT DARDANELLES.

German Story of Allies' 6,000 Wasted Shells and Turkish Gunner's Smile.

The Turks and the Germans between them are weaving nice little fairy tales—sort of Arabian Nights stories—of the Dardanelles.

The Lokalanzeiger's special correspondent, who was allowed, says Reuter, to accompany Enar Pasha and Talaat Bey on their inspection of the Dardanelles, says: "The Allies' warships fired without any system."

"Nobody in the town was at all excited. Then one battery on the Asiatic side replied, and the others followed, each firing a few rounds only."

"The commander of the artillery, who was near me directing the firing, smiled. Not even a tenth part of his guns were replying, but their effect was already noticeable."

Other little fairy tales of his include the following:—

The real defences of the Dardanelles are intact.

Six thousand shells have been fired by the Allied ships, and their only success was the destruction of two obsolete forts.

Wherever troops were landed they were thrown back with heavy losses.

AMSTERDAM, March 9.—A telegram from Berlin says that an official communiqué issued by the Turkish Main Headquarters yesterday says:—

"On Sunday three hostile armoured ships intermittently bombarded without result, for three hours at long range, the forts of Smyrna, and afterwards retired. Bombardments did no damage and caused no losses."

"When the British tried to proceed along the River Karim in the Irak they were again defeated."—Reuter.

94075 F



Repairing the great hole which was torn in the hull of the Swedish steamer Swar-ton by a mine.

BRITAIN AS ARSENAL FOR THE WAR.

Bill to Mobilise Engineering Trade and Speed Up Output of Munitions.

"DICTATOR OF INDUSTRY."

It is intended to organise the whole of the engineering community for the purpose of increasing the output of war munitions.

We are on the lookout for a strong business man with push and go to carry the thing through.

Thus spoke Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons last night in introducing a Bill to Amend the Defence of the Realm Act.

The Government, he said, already possessed power to exercise control over works where war materials were being produced. They now sought to take powers in respect of works which were capable of being used for that purpose, but which were not being so used at present.

PROTECTION FOR FIRMS.

These statutory powers were proposed in order to help employers themselves to get over difficulties as to their shareholders, trustees and articles of association.

There was some doubt as to what the position of an employer would be who had entered into contract to supply goods by a particular date, but he believed that in common law they would be exonerated from failing to fulfil their contract if the failure was due to the Government taking over the works.

It was proposed, however, to insert a subsection in the Bill protecting firms against the consequences of being unable to carry out their contracts.

The Bill gave the Government power, Mr. Lloyd George further explained, to take possession of unoccupied premises for the purpose of housing workmen engaged in the production of war material.

In many districts the output could have been considerably increased had it been possible to house the workmen in the neighbourhood of their work.

"MOST DRASTIC POWERS."

Mr. Bonar Law said the powers now demanded were probably the most drastic that had ever been put before the House of Commons.

They enabled the Government to go to manufacturers, tell them what to make and what not to make, and to say that the machinery at a particular factory was not being employed to the best advantage.

"Those are tremendous powers," said Mr. Bonar Law, "which if they were abused would do incalculable harm to the industry of this country."

At the same time, he was not prepared to offer any opposition to the proposal of the Government or to the suggestion that it should be carried through in the rapid way the Chancellor had proposed.

"I have said before," went on Mr. Law, "that in a crisis such as that which exists now, there is only one thing we can do—make the Government more or less dictators."

"Trust them to do what is wise, and give them full power to use to the utmost all the resources of the country."

"The fact that the Government comes in on almost the last day of the session and asks us to rush this Bill through in this way suggests that the most vital things are being done in a casual way."

Mr. Ponsonby urged for a delay of twenty-four hours in passing the measure.

Mr. Lloyd George agreed to postpone the Committee stage till to-day.

FREERING RUSSIAN TRADE.

Mr. Lloyd George received at the House of Commons last night a deputation from the sub-committee of the Commercial Parliamentary Committee, who urged the necessity of fixing rates of exchange at a price so that the interchange could be secured by British traders.

Mr. Lloyd George said the question was being carefully watched. The moment the Dardanelles were opened there would be greater facilities for exports.

As to the arrangement with Russia, there should be no embargo on either wheat or butter. If there were it would be a breach of the understanding arrived at.

Russia was contemplating placing large loans in this country, and it had been arranged that France and Russia should assist Great Britain.

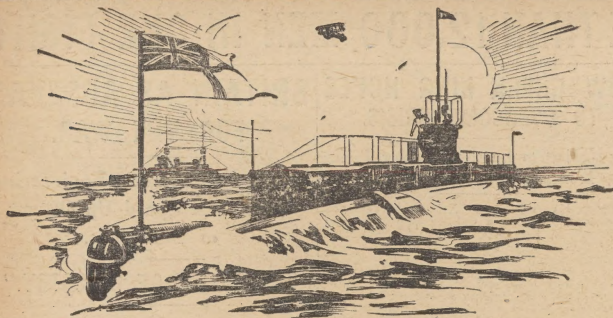
OUR NEW ARMIES.

AMSTERDAM, March 9.—General Morant, commenting on the new British Army in the Tageblatt, says:—

"It is comprehensible that England must honour the cause and make a good exhibition. Even if it were possible to obtain a million men, it would be impossible to equip them for the war."

"It will take England one year to equip infantry and two years for artillery."

"Every means of naval and military warfare or diplomatic pressure which will hinder Great Britain from securing war material will be welcomed."—Exchange.



Interesting Letter from Submarine E5.

To the Editor of "Popular Science Siftings,"
123, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"Received your parcel (of OXO) quite safe and sound, and on behalf of my boatmates I wish to thank you and your kind readers for thinking of us while we are here doing our bit.

Of course, as you may guess, we have not been idle; in fact we spend some considerable time at sea, cruising about in various waters.

The weather has been simply wicked lately, and when on watch—while up top—you get wet right through—so you can guess a cup of something warm is very welcome when your relief appears on the scene.

Then when you dive for the night, or for any decent time, the boat gets quite cold, so once again some warm fluid food proves very useful."

The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.

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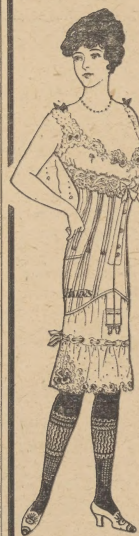
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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1915.

ALL OVER AGAIN?

CERTAIN RUMOURS, that may mean nothing, or that may mean much, are already audible from Prussia, to the effect that it might be a good thing—sudden triumph not having been achieved—to “stop now and try again later on.” Rohrbach’s name is associated with the suggestion, and he is one of the most orthodox of Prussian publicists; his pamphlets have accompanied the war, with the typical brutal pedantry, since the beginning. This man’s imagination is hallucinated by an ill-comprehended knowledge of the Great Frederick, and it was ever Frederick’s policy to patch up truces here and there, with this enemy and with that, to buy off one and eliminate another, till such time as he should be ready to advance again with a smashing blow right and left. Prussian action, modelled on tradition, can be easily predicted: what has been shall be again. It is in seizing the differences between then and now that they fail. Utterly they fail to see and realise that this war is fought to bring a lasting settlement. Of all the ends conceivable, that of a patched-up peace would be, to almost all of us, the most intolerable.

A final peace is what all men on our side strive for. They may not achieve it. This aim of finality was, too, one remembers, the aim of Metternich-dominated European diplomacy, a century ago; and the dove-like message of a perpetual peace sounded over the peoples from the pious Tsar Alexander. The “sublime truths of the religion of God and our Saviour” were to direct all future European efforts. Princes were, in those benevolent-despotic days, to be fathers of their people. All nations were to be bound as brothers. “Nations,” ran one pronouncement from the Vienna Congress, “will henceforth respect their mutual independence.” Instead of sneering at those idealists, and remarking on the futility of such prophecies, let us be more humble in our hopes; but still let us hope: and hope would turn to despair if, as an end of all we see about us, the Rohrbachs and Kaisers, the Potsdammen in professor and general, were to emerge, battered momentarily, but ready and able to convince all Germany that it was but a trifling miscalculation, an accident merely, and that “next time” the lesson will be better learnt.

France, after her dreadful sacrifice, after her experience of forty years of Prussian insolence, will die, will give up all, rather than begin, thus, within measurable years, over again. The Russian people, we are assured, will die rather than submit to that. We ourselves will go on until the possibility of it is removed from the dreams of these revived Fredericks who keep his brutality without his sagacity. It is, in sum, simply the aim of the whole war—not again, not soon, not for our children what we suffer; even if a century hence our peace, when it come, prove to have been but preparation for or deferment of other far-off struggles which the issue of the changed world may then make “inevitable,” as the German publicists always say, smacking their lips over the word. . . . W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The true strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. —Johnson.

NIGHT RAIN.

All night the rain fell murmurous and low: Mysterious silence held the dripping world. Where drenched in dream the trees stood motionless. All night the rain beat rhythmical and slow. From stream and garden, copse, lane and park, The spirit of the earth, benign and good, Rose in a myriad wild wet scents to bless The silver angel singing in the dark. —TERESA HOOLEY.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

Busy Days.

FOR these times the past few days have been quite lively ones—theatres, for the most part, occupying the attention of those interesting people who seem to make their headquarters in town just now. The rival first nights on Saturday at the Prince of Wales’s and the Garrick Theatres brought forth a rush of “whobodies,” nearly all of whom seem to deserve special comment.

Lady Paget.

THE front row of the stalls at the Prince of Wales’s held several celebrities. As usual, Lady (Arthur) Paget had her end row seat—a position that she finds more comfortable because

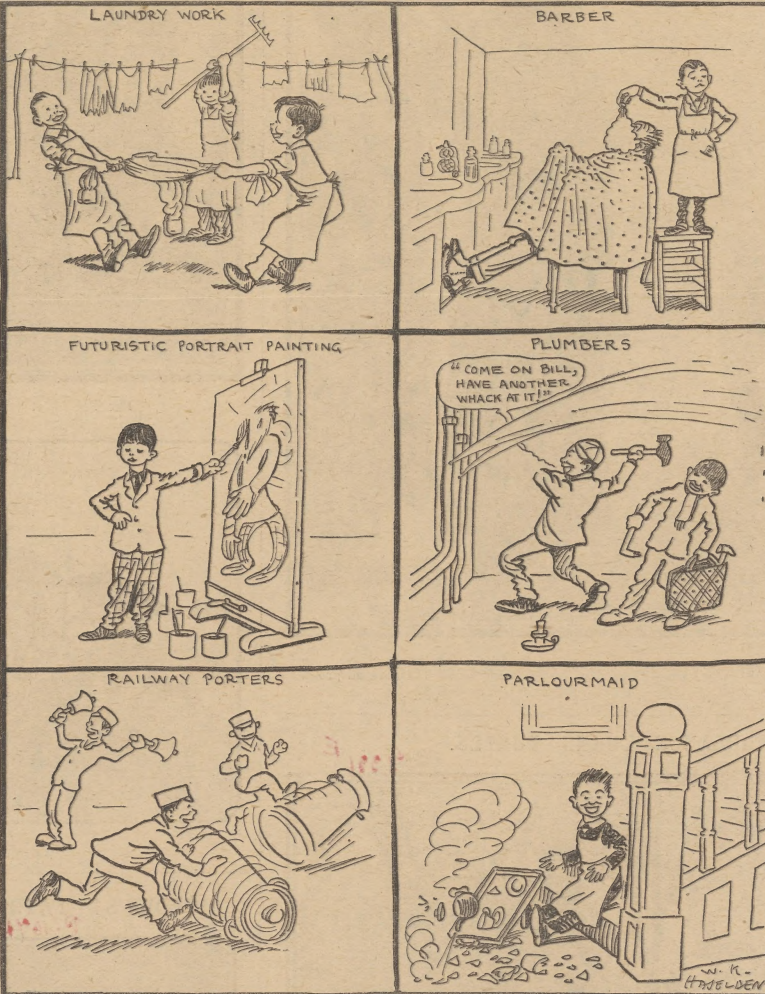
A Mandarin’s Cloak.

MISS OLIVE TERRY in a mandarin’s cloak of black most amazingly embroidered and edged and lined with turquoise blue, was taking tickets in the lobby, while Miss Ellen Craig, in a black velvet dress with a red tie beneath a broad white collar, divided her attention between the stage, where she was producing the four plays that formed the programme for the evening, and a box, where she held a sort of informal reception between various items.

Dancing but No Dances.

THERE are no big dances to chronicle this year and it does not seem likely that any “set” affairs will come off during the season; but the

WHERE BOYS REPLACE MEN DURING THE WAR...



Boys are being trained to be British waiters, so that the German surreptitious invasion may not begin again after the war. A very good ideal. Our cartoonist sees it being realised, too, in those occupations where boys may take the places of men, temporarily, during the fighting. —(By Mr. W. K. Hasselden.)

of her knee, which was so seriously injured some years ago and which necessitates her always carrying a crutch stick.

The Pioneer Players.

ON Sunday evening quite a crowd of celebrities turned up at the Little Theatre for the first performance given this season by the Pioneer Players, the society of which Miss Ellen Terry is president. The audience was very interesting, as social notabilities were to be seen in every corner, and a rather unusual feature of the gathering was that very few khaki-clad men were present.

Lady Maud Warrender.

NOTABLE among the people in the stalls was Lady Maud Warrender, looking extremely handsome in black with a huge black fur collar on her long black velvet cloak. She was sitting near Lady Randolph Churchill, whose theatrical assiduousness never seem to slacken at any time or season. Miss Lena Ashwell was also to be seen in a dull mauve-tinted chiffon dress with a curious Oriental-looking cloak.

other day I discovered that quite delightful informal little dances occur twice a week at the Empress Rooms.

The Soldiers Like Them.

FRIDAYS and Mondays are the evenings devoted to these dances, and Miss Harding, who is their originator, finds that the sisters and sweethearts and cousins of young officers home from the front on short leave, or up for the weekend from their training camps, delight in taking this opportunity of dancing without keeping the late hours that are necessary if one goes to the night clubs of the best quality, such as the Four Hundred, Willis's or Murray's.

Bohemianism.

WE are getting very unconventional in these days. I looked in at a Regent-street café one evening last week, and in spite of the fact that it is rather well known for its Bohemian proclivities, recognised a number of well-known girls, who seemed to be out for the evening with their khaki-clad escorts. Apparently, chaperons were not among the party.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

Changed Points of View Between Old and Young in the Home.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

NOW that your correspondents are discussing the question of duty as between parent and child, I venture to disclose what I believe to be the typical standpoint of youth. The business of living to the fullest degree is conducted upon such different methods in each succeeding generation that it nearly always happens that the least competent to teach are those whose generation is well advanced in years. And even if the conditions of life did not change, it must be remembered that all life has reference only to the ego; in that sense, it is impossible for any to teach more than the wisest principles, the applicability of which must be decided by the individual. So I submit that when the rising generation really believe themselves right in any attitude they adopt, they must be allowed unrestrictedly to pursue that attitude. E. R. W.

PARENTS AND WIFE.

IT IS the fashion nowadays for children directly they come of age basely to desert their parents in order to marry. For myself, I cannot understand what any man can see in a girl to prefer her to his mother, or what a girl can see in a man to like better than her father. Both my parents are dead, but no wife could ever make up to me for their loss, nor could I love any woman as I loved them. UNMARRIED.

THE SUNDAY GORGE.

IT IS all very well for ladies who can sit down each evening to a delicate dinner of three or four courses to make sarcastic remarks about the artisan's Sunday dinner, but if they had to make a household on an artisan's wages they would know that the dinner offered to the head of the house on Sunday is probably the best meal he gets during the week, and it, therefore, needs to be graced by a substantial joint. HOUSEWIFE.

BELGIAN COOKING.

I SEE in this morning's issue a statement that Belgian cookery is to be taught to our English people. What a pity! Why not teach English cookery, well done?

By that I mean good, plain, economical, nourishing dishes well cooked and seasoned.

There is nothing better to be found in my experience than English cookery if only well done. The cause of all the complaints with regard to our food is that so few women know how to cook them well.

I have taken a keen interest in cooking all my life, and every day see after the preparation of the food, as I think the housekeeper should, and I pride myself on giving pleasant, nourishing meals at a small cost. Not the smallest bit of fat, bread, vegetable or meat is wasted in my house. I have travelled in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France and Italy, and have always tried to learn something of their cooking. Very little have I been able to find superior to our own. I am not speaking of the high-class, most expensive fare that can be got in any country; but the fare of the middle classes and the poor. AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 9.—If one desires a successful flower season March 9th intended for sweet peas should be deeply dug over at once; make it fairly rich and mix some soot with the top soil. Ivy can now be clipped over and most of the old leaves removed.

Roses should be planted without delay and all the climbing varieties pruned. Dead leaves and foliage must be taken away from the rock garden and a little rich sandy soil scattered among the plants. E. F. T.

THE TSAR AND "HIS CHILDREN."

P. 150



The Tsar reviews his Cossacks on the battlefield, and wishes them the best of luck. To them the Emperor is "the Little Father," and they are his "children." They are all proud to die for their country.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

AMBULANCE TURNS TURTLE.

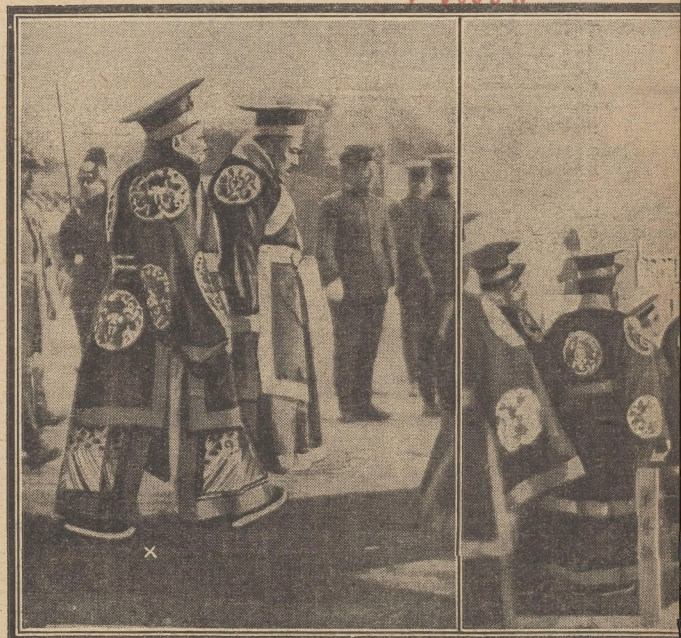
P. 1691 E



British motor-ambulance which turned turtle "somewhere in France." Fortunately, there was no one in it when the accident occurred, while the driver escaped uninjured. The vehicle itself, however, sustained considerable damage.

THE CHINESE PRESIDENT, CLAD IN

P. 3853 A



The President (x) in his robes.

P. 3853 A



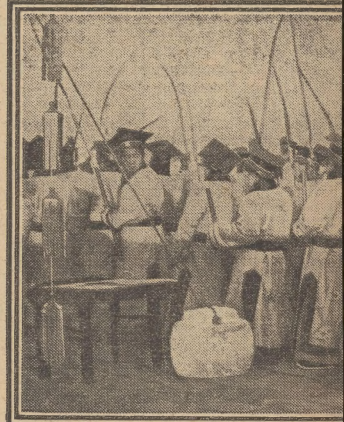
Ministers who were in attendance on the President.

"TEDDY'S" FATHER.

P. 16746

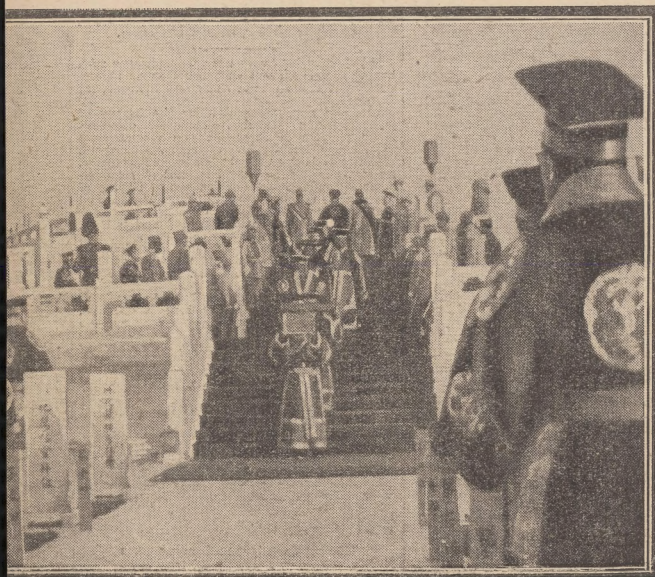


Captain Charles Raynard Slingsby, who has received a commission in the Navy, in which he was formerly a lieutenant. He is the father of "Teddy" Slingsby, whose ears won him a lawsuit.



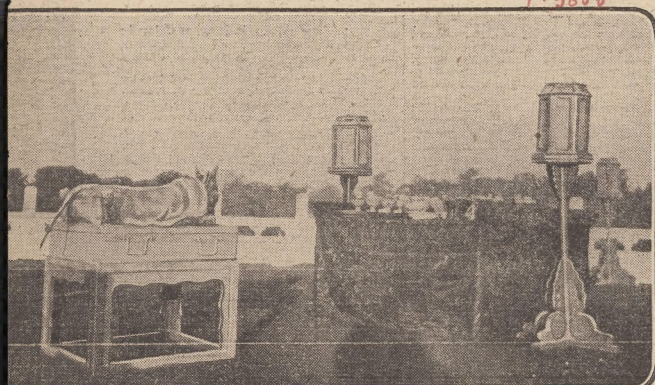
Before the Imperial Dynasty was overthrown Heaven on the occasion of the winter solstice money fell into abeyance until quite lately, from those of other days, and the President until now, had only been performed by a Son. This picture shows the juvenile choir. Their

GLANDID ROBES, MAKES SACRIFICE



leaving the altar after the ceremony had been performed.

P. 3853 A



Ox prepared for sacrifice in front of the altar.

rites differed somewhat from those of other days, and the President himself performed the sacrificial ceremony, which, until now, had only been carried out by a Son of Heaven, to give the Emperor his divine title.

THE BOTTLEPHONE.

8 11903 IV



musical instrument invented by a French soldier to relieve the monotony of trench life. Each bottle contains a different quantity of liquid, thus making different notes.

PAGE BOY'S DEATH.

P. 14080



Edward Arthur White, aged fourteen, a pageboy at the Strand Palace Hotel, who died suddenly last week. The inquest was held yesterday, when a verdict of Death from natural causes was returned by the jury.

"KEEPER OF THE KAISER'S SOUL."

P. 14080



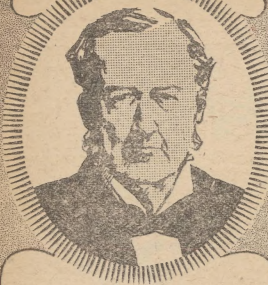
Dr. Georg Goems, Chaplain-General to the German Guards Corps, who is described by a Berlin newspaper as "the keeper of the Kaiser's soul." This is surely the most responsible contract in the world at the present moment.

BATH ON A BATTLESHIP.

8 34 8



On many of the warships the officers have rigged up a big canvas bath on the deck. The water in this case is quite deep, and the occupants have plenty of room. The bath is just in front of one of the guns.



Influenza increasing!

83 Deaths in London last week
Influenza finds its victims among the run-down, overworked, and those whose powers of resistance are weak through illness, anxiety and the like.

A short course of Hall's Wine treatment will build up your nerves, enrich your blood, and strengthen your entire system—will save you untold danger, misery, and expense.

If Influenza has already claimed you, Hall's Wine is the one thing to hasten your sure return to vigorous health and strength.

From a Y.M.C.A. Secretary:
"Influenza followed by Pleurisy and internal trouble left me very weak and depressed. The Doctor ordered me Hall's Wine. I suggested another Tonic, but he said Hall's Wine contained properties to cure me. To my great surprise I felt better after only one dose. At the end of a week, friends remarked, 'You are like your old self again.' A Tonic that will lift depression from one's mind like this deserves recommendation, and I heartily commend it to anyone who needs toning up" (circled on it for reference).

Hall's Wine

THE NATIONAL RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle in 74 days, and we will refund your entire outlay.
1 Argentinia, 3/6; smaller 2/- O/Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LD., 107, LONDON

NO MORE PAIN

HEADACHES, TOOTHACHE, AND OTHER ACHES QUICKLY RELIEVED.

One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, says Dr. Robbins, and what the patient most often applies for is "Something" to relieve the pain. If we can arrest this promptly, he will trust us for other remedies he may require.

One remedy which I have used lately in my practice is Antikamnia Tablets—many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed.

I have found them most valuable for all headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as "Women's Aches and Ills."

TRIAL BOX FREE.

10,000 boxes of Antikamnia Tablets, with interesting pamphlets, have been set aside for free distribution. If you are therefore a sufferer from any kind of pain send your name and address to-day for your presentation box to:—**THE ANTIKAMNIA CHEMICAL CO., (Dept. A 1), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.** (Adv't.)

PRISONERS WHO DON'T WANT TO ESCAPE.



No Austrian prisoner of war ever dreams of attempting to escape. These soldiers, captured by the Serbians, are sweeping the streets of Nish and have no guard. They are quite contented with their lot.

MISS DOBBS' STORY OF "MANY ENEMIES."

Defendant Who Said He Did Not Think He Had Proposed

"GOOD SAMARITAN."

The trial of Lady Ida Sitwell and two men—Oliver Herbert, commission agent, and Julian Field—was resumed before Mr. Justice Darling at the Old Bailey yesterday.

Prisoners were indicted for alleged conspiracy to cheat and defraud Miss Francis Bennett Dobbs of £6,000.

Lady Ida Sitwell is the wife of Sir George Sitwell and sister of the Earl of Londesborough. Miss Dobbs, who in the witness-box on Monday stated that she met Herbert through a business transaction, and that he afterwards proposed marriage, continued her evidence, and was further cross-examined by Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., M.P. (counsel for Lady Ida Sitwell).

Miss Dobbs said that she did not know when it was that she was told that Herbert had made a considerable sum out of the money provided for the bills.

Did Herbert ever tell you his commission had been £1,000?—Yes.
After the bills had been dishonoured?—Yes.
She believed it was after the suggestion that she should pay £3,000 to avoid publicity.

"PLENTY OF ENEMIES."

When witness was being pressed to answer another question she remarked that she was on her oath and did not want to commit perjury. "I know I have plenty of enemies who would be only too pleased to take me up for perjury," she added.

The defendant Herbert gave evidence, and in reply to Mr. Bryan said he lived at Norbury and carried on business as a private inquiry agent in Dover-street. He was for some years in the employment of the late Lord Battersea.

Mr. Bryan: Miss Dobbs has said something about a proposal of marriage. Do you recollect anything about that?—I really do not. I have no recollection.

If you had proposed marriage you would remember it?—She knew I was a married man. Have you at any time proposed marriage to Miss Dobbs?—I don't think I have.

Mr. Justice Darling: You don't think? Witness said he was not sure that he had not. If you did, was it in earnest or by way of a joke?—Certainly not in earnest; it might have been a joke.

Were you ever engaged to be married to her?—No.

"WHILE HAVING CHAMPAGNE."

Mr. Gordon Hewart: Do you represent that that unfortunate woman knew you were a married man?—I believe she did. I had no object to deceive Miss Dobbs in any way.

The Judge: How is it you were so uncertain as to whether you had proposed marriage to her or had not?—When I went to see Miss Dobbs she was very liberal, and we frequently had champagne together. I might have, foolishly, while having champagne, spoken of it, but not seriously.

Witness added that Miss Dobbs had told him that she had been engaged to a clergyman, who had deceived her.

Counsel: Do you tell the jury that?—I do, seriously.

Did you discuss marriage with her?—She told me what a hatred she had of men, and particularly of married men.

Replying to a further question, witness said he had stayed at a house where another lady resided.

Are you staying there now?—No; certainly not. I put it that in the autumn of 1911, when you proposed marriage to Miss Dobbs, you were a married man and that you were living in a house at Norbury with a woman who was your wife?—No; that is not true. At the time you say I was proposing to Miss Dobbs I did not know the other lady.

The hearing was adjourned.

\$5,000 FOR AMATEURS.

"Daily Mirror's" Record Offer for Photographs of War Incidents.

SNAPSHOTS DEVELOPED.

\$5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

FRANCE'S APPEAL TO ART WORLD.

PARIS, March 8.—At the moment when the Germans, in a redoubled access of savagery, are increasing the bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims a protest is being organised in the literary and artistic world for the purpose of making the Germans' crimes against the masterpieces of the past known to the whole world.

A hundred prominent personalities are submitting to foreign literary and artistic associations a series of documents against which no allegations by German intellectuals can prevail. Among the signatories to the appeal are MM. Clemenceau, Anatole France, Rodin, Edmond Rostand, and Saint-Saëns.—*Reuter*

GIRL'S SUICIDE AFTER A DANCE.

After attending a dance on Saturday night at the Palace Theatre, twenty-five of Lower Sydenham, came home and cut her throat with a razor.

At the inquest at Lewisham yesterday a verdict of Suicide during temporary mental depression was returned.

Deceased's sister stated that deceased had broken off two courtships and was very depressed about the latter one. She was taken out to a dance to try and cheer her up.

POISONED ON HONEYMOON.

How a young man died of gas poisoning on his honeymoon was told at a Portsmouth inquest yesterday concerning the death of Douglas E. B. Reeves, of Shepherd's Bush, who was found dead at Southsea the day after his wedding. A verdict of Death by misadventure was returned.

Deceased was married at Streatham, and the same day went with his wife to Southsea. Next afternoon he was found dead in bed and his wife was found unconscious.

Evidence showed that when everybody else had gone to bed the young man turned off the gas at the meter, and turned it on again next morning.

It is supposed that finding during the night that the gas would not light deceased had left the tap of the burner turned on, and that subsequently the room filled with gas.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Girls! Try it! Your hair gets soft, fluffy and luxuriant at once.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness, and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fasten, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy, or too oily, get a tin of Danderine. It is the only hair dressing of any chemist; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowledge's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?—(Adv't.)

Calox

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

The regular night and morning use of Calox prevents dental trouble by removing the causes of tooth decay.

Calox Tooth powder preserves the healthy and shining beauty of the teeth, deodorizes the breath, conduces altogether to a higher standard of health.

And one reason is because Calox in use liberates oxygen—the finest, safest, surest purifier known in nature.

FREE Sample box of Calox, sufficient for a good trial, sent free on request.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists at 1/3. Calox Tooth Brush, specially recommended.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LIMITED, 75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

MAKE YOUR OWN HAIR STAIN.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and makes it Soft and Glossy.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum 1oz.
Orlex Compound a small box
Glycerine 1oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, relieves itching and scalp troubles.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots, and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Adv't.)

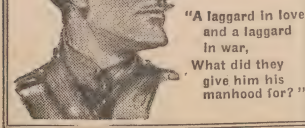
READERS "RUN DOWN." HOW TO GROW FIT.

Are you one of the many people who complain of being "run down"? Are your muscles flabby and your nerves "on edge"? Do you feel greatly depressed and are you restless at nights and unrefreshed by sleep? Do you find yourself exhausted and trembling after any mental and physical exertion—with a dull pain in your back? If so, you are feeling the protest of nerves that are weak and in distress. Your nerves are not receiving full nourishment because your blood is too poor, too impure to perform its duty. You need Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because they create new, strong blood that imparts "tone" to weak nerves. Remember this important fact, and begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day, for delay may result in Nervous Breakdown. New Strength, Pure Blood, and Sound Nerves follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which as a nerve and blood tonic have achieved the widest of cures of General Weakness, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia and Nervous disorders. You can obtain them of dealers; but for your health's sake never try the substitutes sometimes offered.

FREE—If you suffer from nervousness write for the Book on the Nerves. Send a postcard to-day, with your name and address, to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, for a free copy of this book.—(Adv't.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour By RUBY M. AYRES.



New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is doing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with a charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—suit him admirably.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen, but he recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is to be his best man.

Suddenly Chatterton jumps up. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is." "Dick's a great fellow," says Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting for him."

"He doesn't care you struts about her—it's only the money he's after. . . . After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is making her lose her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. To his astonishment, he hears Sonia speaking.

"Francis," she says, "I'm waiting for you to come. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklins' dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her love to him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki. The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give him a word that he will say nothing.

One day when Sonia and Montague are out together a taxicab drives past with a man in khaki in it. Sonia gives a stifled cry. "I thought it was Richard," she explains, "but it couldn't have been, could it?"

BITTER-SWEET MEMORIES.

MONTAGUE did not even trouble to glance towards the taxi which had been keeping abreast with theirs; he smiled rather superciliously in answer to Sonia's agitated question as he echoed frequently:

"Chatterton! In khaki!" There was something contemptuous in the denial the words contained. Sonia felt herself flushed hotly; she resented the way Montague spoke of the man to whom she had once been engaged, and she resented the fact that she had ever believed herself happy in that engagement. She bit her lip, staring straight in front of her.

The other taxi had shot ahead of them now, and was lost in the stream of traffic; the rain came down harder; big drops chased one another down the windows and blurred the outside world.

One of the little Pekingese puppies stood up on its absurd legs and looked wistfully into Sonia's face, but she pushed it impatiently aside; her mood seemed to have changed with the weather; the clouds and rain had brought with them depression and a sense of loss.

Montague tugged at his moustache and frowned; he was finding Sonia very difficult in these days; during the time that he elapsed since her broken engagement he hardly seemed to have made any headway with her.

When they reached Lady Merriam's he made no attempt to enter the house with her; he

thought less anxiety for her company on his part might pique her and act as a stimulus. It angered him to realise that she was hardly conscious of the omission; she bade him a hurried good-bye and ran up the steps to the house with the two little dogs barking and yapping at her heels.

Lady Merriam had not waited lunch for her; she looked up apologetically as the girl entered. "I thought you were waiting for the rain, so I began; I was so hungry." She glanced past the girl towards the door as if expecting someone to follow her. "Alone?" she asked.

"Yes, Mr. Montague drove me down from the park."

"Oh." The exclamation was rather curt. Sonia flushed a little. "I went to see what Lady Merriam did not like Montague."

"I met Mr. Jardine as well," she added rather constrainedly. Lady Merriam beamed now. "Did you?"

"I went to see him. I went to Richard Chatterton's flat this morning, and . . . oh, I forgot."

"You need not mind speaking about Mr. Chatterton in front of me," said Sonia quickly. "And I know that he has gone abroad."

"Who told you?" "Mr. Jardine."

Lady Merriam looked interested. "Where abroad exactly?" she asked. "I don't know."

"Of course, France seems the only possible place abroad for a man to go to nowadays," said Lady Merriam rather faintly. "But I imagine he has not gone there."

"Hardly, I should think." Sonia wondered why she felt so very near Richard; she kept her eyes bent steadily on her plate; it was nothing to her what Richard Chatterton did or what people said of him, and yet—

"I hope Dulcie and Dimple haven't got their feet wet," said Lady Merriam anxiously, looking down at her two little pets. "You know how delicate they are."

"I took a taxi as soon as the rain started."

"Quite right, Sonia, you won't mind if I take them both to Bursale?"

"Of course, not. Mr. Jardine wants to come, too; he asked me this morning—he has been there once before."

"I know—he has often spoken about it. I don't suppose he is the only visitor we shall have—eh, Sonia?"

"If you mean Mr. Montague—I haven't asked him and he hasn't mentioned it."

"I don't suppose he'll wait for an invitation. That was one thing I always liked about Richard Chatterton; he never forced his company on one."

"No, I certainly never did that." There was a touch of bitterness in the girl's voice as she remembered days when she had longed for him to come to her; days when he had stayed away, intent on some other amusement. She had longed for his engagement with so many dreams and tender illusions, but one by one they all seemed to have slipped through her fingers.

"Did you go to his flat?" she asked suddenly. Lady Merriam hesitated; she made a great business of peeling a peach in order to gain time; when at last she answered she kept her eyes on Sonia's face.

"I lent him a book some weeks ago; probably you don't remember it, but I did, and I wanted it back, that's all. By the way, Sonia, if you take my advice, you'd do him to return all your letters and photographs; he must have dozens of them."

Sonia's flushed face quivered. "I don't mind him keeping them; they are no use to me. I want to see them again."

"That is sheer nonsense. If you marry someone else, as of course you will, even if Montague falls out. . . ."

"Well, my dear, you know I never liked the man, and I hope you won't marry him, but supposing you do, he won't be particularly pleased to know that letters of yours and photographs are in Richard Chatterton's possession. It's only natural. Take my advice and write to him for them."

Mr. Jardine says he has already left his flat. I don't know where he is, and if I did, I shouldn't write."

Lady Merriam pushed her plate away. "Please yourself; it's no affair of mine, of course; but you know the old saying about being off with the old love before you are on with the new. . . . Oh, my dear, I didn't mean to upset you."

Tears had come into Sonia's eyes; she evaded Lady Merriam's remorsefully outstretched hand and ran from the room.

Upstairs, the sight of her face made her ashamed; after all, what was she upset about? She had thrown Richard over purely of her own wish and desire; it was absurd therefore to get upset because Lady Merriam and every one took it for granted that she no longer cared for him.

Of course she no longer cared for him; people could say what they liked; she would show her pride; she would let the world see that he had cared even less than he had done. She sat down on the side of her bed and stared at the floor with the tears still swimming in her eyes.

Not that she ever would have changed her mind, no matter what he had said or done, but—she bit her lip hard. Traitorous thought! It flashed the memory of his lazy, good-natured face to her; his sleepy eyes, the half-affectionate, half-teasing tone of his voice.

She had once loved him so much, and a woman can never forget a man she has once loved, no matter how earnestly she desires to do so.

If only he had not disappointed her! If only she could wake and find these past ten days a bad dream; if only she could wipe out that paragraph in the papers announcing that "the marriage arranged would not take place."

Once, for a few brief days, she had believed that she cared more for Montague than for Richard. Did she believe it?

The very doubt frightened her. With sudden revulsion of feeling she forced her thoughts to Montague; she did care for him—she meant to marry him; it was only that everything seemed a little strange and unsettling. It was only natural that she could not change her whole life so suddenly without feeling hurt; by and by everything would straighten itself out and she would be happy again.

She walked over to the dressing-table and unlocked one of the drawers. A portrait of Richard Chatterton lay on top of the few things it contained; she turned it over hurriedly, face downwards, so that she could no longer see the half-tender, half-bantering smile in his eyes.

Beneath it was a little bundle of letters—love letters, could one call them? she asked herself with a wry smile.

More scribbled notes, most of them; many written on club paper, some hastily scribbled in pencil, but such as they were she had treasured them with most schoolgirlish sentimentality.

She had tied them in neat little bundles and bound them with blue ribbon; most of their envelopes were marked with the dates on which each had been received.

SONIA'S DECISION.

AS she stood looking down at them it seemed impossible that the whole little romance was at an end. Incongruously she thought of the new drawing-room carpet she and Richard had chosen together for the long room at Bursale, not more than a month ago.

She had wanted blue, but she remembered how obstinately he had persisted with a cream ground and a border of roses. And she had readily given in to his choice—of course she had! What did it matter what colour the carpet was as long as it pleased him! She wondered how it would feel to see Montague walking about in that drawing-room now, over the carpet Richard and she had chosen, and know that he—Montague—was soon to be her husband and the master of Bursale.

There was the new motor-car in the garage, too, which she and Richard had chosen together, with her new monogram painted on its enamelled doors. She had planned such wonderful drives with him along frosty roads or through spring lanes; now they would have to change the monogram, as she would change her name for another man's.

These little trivial thoughts hurt amazingly. A sob rose in her throat as she thrust the little bundle of letters back hastily into the drawer.

She had meant to destroy them; she had meant to destroy everything she had that would stir up the past; but now her purpose had weakened; she was not brave enough; she was a coward. She kept her eyes averted as she replaced the photograph of Richard and turned the key.

Later in the afternoon she asked Lady Merriam if they could not go down to Bursale sooner than they had arranged.

(Continued on page 13.)



BABY THOMAS.

The Picture of Health

Mrs. BEN THOMAS, of The Boot Stores, Station Road, Ystradgynlais, Brecon, South Wales, writes: My little son Ralph has been fed entirely on Virol since he was 4½ months old. When he was about that age, the child was seriously ill and exceedingly emaciated. In fact, my Doctor had almost given up hope of his recovery. After experimenting with different foods with no effect, the Doctor advised us to try your preparation as a last resource. The child immediately improved and progressed wonderfully, so that he is now quite robust and looks the picture of health. The enclosed photograph bears out my statement. I cannot tell you how delighted we are with the good results obtained by the use of Virol.



Virolised Milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a-pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Used in 1,000 Hospitals and Sanatoria.

In Jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

Virol, Ltd., 122-125, Old St., London, E.C.

S.A.S.



NO MORE GREY HAIR

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown or black by the use of

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(Astringent Tonic)

A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not soil the pillow. Prices: 1s. 2s., and 3s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address: J. L. Valentine & Co., Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

NEW "DAILY MAIL" SERIAL.

The Barometer

By PIERRE COSTELLO.

Author of "A Sinner in Israel," "Tainted Lives," etc.

BEGINS IN TO-MORROW'S "DAILY MAIL"



THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Sir Henry Kimber.

A Sporting Offer.

That was a fine sporting offer Sir Henry Kimber made yesterday of £100 to each £500 offered by Mr. Houlst, the shipowner, to the captain and crew of each of the next four British merchant ships to destroy a German submarine. Sir Henry Kimber goes further. He appeals to "four of my old friends who have the means" to do likewise and thus raise the reward to £1,000. Sir Henry has a host of friends, and I do not think his appeal will go unheard.

John Burns's Witticism.

I have known Sir Henry Kimber for many years. He was Wandsworth's first M.P., sitting for that huge constituency for twenty-eight years. So tight was his hold on that portion of the metropolis that John Burns, the member for Battersea, the adjoining constituency, once made the humorous suggestion that Wandsworth ought to be renamed Kimberley.

Venerable Globe-Trotter.

In Parliament he is principally remembered for his eloquent and persistent advocacy of Redistribution. Although eighty years of age, Sir Henry still takes a keen interest in public affairs, and up till quite recently was an ardent globe-trotter. A venerable-looking man, with snowy beard and kindly manner, he has hosts of friends.

Soldierman Cheerful.

I lunched yesterday at the United Service with a soldier friend back on a few days' leave, and felt really happy in the air of optimism that pervades the club. Nobody, of course, dreams of denying that we have a very stiff job before us, and that it will take a lot of doing to drive the Germans back to the Rhine. But of ultimate success there is not the slightest shadow of doubt.

Love Rich Food.

One thing I could not help noticing, and that was how the British officer back on leave revels in rich foods. The favourite dish at luncheon yesterday was salmon; the favourite sweet, jam roly-poly pudding with a real healthy helping of jam. To see elderly men make a hearty lunch is as good as a tonic. No wonder they are putting up such a good show.

Society's Occasion.

I looked in yesterday afternoon at Christie's to see how society was rising to the occasion to help the Red Cross Society. You know the idea—everyone is asked to subscribe one of their dearest and most cherished possessions, and at a great sale, which begins on April 12, Christie's will sell them in aid of the society, which is spending £10,000 a week at the present time.

A Great Function.

The sale is expected to last for many days, and it will be one of the most interesting society functions of the season. I asked how it was that people could part so easily with their family treasures. The reply was, with a laugh: "I don't suppose they will. You will find them bidding for their own things back, and that is how the fund will profit."

An Aladdin's Cave.

I found a veritable Aladdin's cave there. In a sort of huge cloakroom, which is guarded night and day, there were piled in every direction some of the most valuable possessions of our great and influential families. To begin with, I suppose there were hundreds of costly pictures. Among them was an extremely valuable Meissonier.

Gladstone's Dispatch Box.

Among the other interesting things I noted were W. E. Gladstone's famous dispatch box, which had been sent in by Sir Robert Hudson; an autograph MSS. of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "For All We Have and Are"; a beautiful ivory figure from the Duke of Norfolk; an exquisite tea service, George III. period, from Lord Rothschild—in fact, it seemed to me that houses had been denuded to help the fund.

"La Flambee."

Those clever Belgians at the Criterion made another hit on Monday night with "La Flambee," which we saw in English not so very long ago at the St. James's as "The Turning Point."

The Futurist Again.

So the war didn't kill the Cubists and the Futurists and the Super-Extra-Pluperfect-Post-Impressionists after all. And I don't think I am sorry; it's good to get some laughter out of life in these days.

Those Who Worship.

I looked in at the Futurists' show the other afternoon and had a great time. The exhibits were just the same freak exhibits of past shows, but the people, the worshippers at the shrine of Super-Futurism—they are priceless.

You Must Dress for It Now.

That is where Futurism has developed. You have to dress futuristically nowadays if you wish to be "of the elect." So I collected a few hints on how to be "of the elect."

What To Do.

Here they are. If you are a man don't shave very closely, wear a velvet stock and a Spanish toreador's hat. Buckskin boots with leggings attached add to the effect.

Drop All the Time.

If you are a woman, droop. Droop in everything. Wear velvety clothes of droopy, washed-out colours, huge boots that droop at the heels, spectacles that droop, floppy hats, and then, adopting a floppy attitude, just stand and gape, floppily, at the awful sights around you.

Cares of Royalties.

It must be very trying to be a royal personage in times of war, particularly times like these, when every nation is more or less involved. Royalties surely can have no nationality save that of the country which they serve.

Kaiser's Sister.

Take the case of the Queen of Greece, for example. Queen Sophie is a sister of the Kaiser. That helps one to understand something of the reluctance of the King of Greece to make war lightly. Still, on the other hand,



The Queen of Greece.

Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was a German, and I can hardly think she makes any excuses for the brutal excesses of the Huns on that account.

A Significant Tradition.

But just at the present time of Dardanelles excitement it is most interesting to recall an old tradition among the Greeks. The King's name, you will remember, is Constantine, and the tradition goes that when a Royal Constantine wed a Princess Sophie their son shall reign in Constantinople. I wonder.

Visits to Eastbourne.

Queen Sophie has been a frequent visitor to this country. I used often to see her walking about Eastbourne a couple of years ago. She was very fond of the place, and one of her sons, Prince Paul, was at school there.

Bought a Cabmen's Shelter.

It was while the Queen was visiting Eastbourne that year that she took a great fancy to a cabmen's shelter erected on the front close by the Grand Hotel. She ordered a replica to be made, and it was sent out to Athens in sections.

"Rosy Rapture."

I have just heard that Sir James Barrie's much-discussed revue, which he has written for Gaby Deslys, is to be called "Rosy Rapture." It will be produced at the Duke of York's on Tuesday.

"Dinner at Eight."

The new one-act play by Mr. E. F. Benson, in which Miss Viola Tree will appear at the little Ambassadors Theatre on the 22nd, is to be called "Dinner at Eight."

How It Originated.

Mr. Benson got his idea for "Dinner at Eight" through hearing Miss Tree tell some friends what a nuisance a telephone was in a boudoir when she was dressing for dinner. Her experiences were so funny that Mr. Benson decided to make them into a play. Sir Herbert Tree thinks the production will be most amusing.

"The Goods."

I ran up against this in an American paper yesterday. It was printed in all sorts of types, and was an advertisement for a cinematograph show in a California town. It is what they call "the goods" over there. Don't you think so?

"Green Boys."

"We went over to London unrecruited and slipped E. Phillips Oppenheim ten thousand green boys to write our next serial. He did so and called it 'The Black Box.' It slips on the screen March 8. Gee! my pulse leaps as I read it. *He has done the weird stuff. He's full of grey twilight, bleak moors, queer shapes, vague muttering, hoarse cries and desolates.* And he's dumped the whole product in this yarn."

"The Thrilling Thing."

"He loves to tie the hero in a knot and watch him dig his way out. Yes, and he's always chuckin' things in his way. By the time Ee Pee's hero reaches the finish, he's tired enough to retire. And you've simply got to see this Black Box. Go around to your favourite theatre and ask its owner to book the thrilling thing."

There is a lot more of the same sort of thing, but I will have pity on you.

Captain Earl Winterton.

Styles and titles change so rapidly in these days that it is hard to keep pace with them. On the parliamentary papers yesterday I saw the name of "Captain Earl Winterton" down among the askers of questions. It reads curiously at first, but I suppose we shall get used to it.



Mr. George Lambert.

"Jack and Jill" Ell.

The bright little speech in which Mr. George Lambert explained the Naval Marriages Bill—a small war emergency measure to enable marriages of sailors to take place in any part of the United Kingdom where marriages can be legally solemnised—has brought into the parliamentary limelight one of the most unobtrusive members of the Ministry.

Sail and Plough.

I have known Mr. Lambert by sight ever since he made his first appearance in the House of Commons over twenty years ago. To-day he and Sir Edward Grey are the only two members of the Ministry who have remained at the same post since the Liberals took office at the end of 1905. Oddly enough, until he was given his Admiralty appointment farming was the one and only question in which Mr. Lambert ever took any interest. But he has done so well as Civil Lord that he has already become a Privy Councillor.

"Our George."

Mr. Lambert is a Devonshire farmer, and in the Division of South Molton, which he represents, he is affectionately known as "Our George." He was barely half-way through the twenties when he achieved one of the most astonishing electoral revolutions on record by winning South Molton for the Liberals.

"The Woman of the World."

My fair Gossip has demanded woman's rights, and has insisted upon having a place of her own in the world, or rather *The Daily Mirror*. So she is going to give you her own particular gossip direct, and if you turn to page 7 to-day you will read what she has to say in "Some Reflections in My Mirror."

THE RAMBLER.

MOTHER and HOME

Free Pattern

Any mother could make this little "BUSTER" Suit with the help of the very simple paper pattern which is GIVEN AWAY inside every copy of "Mother and Home," out to-day.

The free pattern consists of Knickers which button up on to the waistband of a Simple Blouse. This is arranged to fasten down the front through an added box-pleat.

Simple working directions, and diagrams which show exactly how the material is cut out are given with the pattern. Get To-day's

Mother & Home

Paper and Pattern - 1d.

Infant Feeding

The Question of Cost.

The cost of an infant's food is an item which, among others, has to be carefully considered. The value of Savory and Moore's Food is well known, but it is not perhaps generally recognised that it is, at the same time, one of the cheapest of the well-known infant foods, one in fact that every mother can afford to buy. Users of the food give very interesting evidence on this point—

"We feel much indebted to your Food for baby's physical condition and progress. Until he was three months we tried various kinds of food, but he made little headway. At last we tried yours, with remarkable improvement. Moreover, we found that they were costing us as much per week as your Food costs per month, with less trouble."

"I only wish I had used it long before. I should have saved myself a lot of anxiety and expense. Your Food goes twice as far as any other, and proves better."

"I am greatly indebted to you for the fine condition my son is in. Also the cost of maintaining a child on your Food is well within the reach of any working people."

"Since I commenced using your Food, baby seems to thrive wonderfully. I tried other foods before I sent for your sample, but found they were much too expensive for me to continue with them."

SAMPLE FREE.

Messrs. Savory and Moore are making a special offer of a Free Trial Tin of their Food. This will be forwarded to all readers of "The Daily Mirror" who fill in the coupon below and send it with 2d. in stamps for postage. Send at once.

FREE COUPON

To Savory & Moore Ltd, Chemists to the King, New Bond St. London, Please send me the Free Trial Tin of your food. I enclose 2d. for postage.

Name _____

Address _____
D.Mr. 10/15.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR ALCOHOL

AN ANTIDOTE THAT ONLY COSTS ONE HALFPENNY.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum

SPEARMINT It's foolish to take unnecessary drinks. There's no honest satisfaction from them, whereas Wrigley's "Spearmint" gives you tangible appreciation. There's an exhilarating twang about it which "bucks" you up, and at a cost of but 1d.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum

SPEARMINT Just study the economy of it. The comparison is worth making. Figure out your daily alcohol bill, and work it out against a 1d. bar or two of Wrigley's "Spearmint." The argument is a sound one, and will save you money.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum

SPEARMINT has only good after-effects, for it assists the system in many ways. It's good for the digestion, keeps the teeth clean and pure, the voice clear and the breath sweet. Aren't these good points which alcohol cannot claim.

SEND A BOX TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIEND.

You could not get a finer, choicer, or purer sweet-meat than Wrigley's "Spearmint." Just follow the advice tendered, and also make your relative or soldier friend a present of a bar or box. If you can't obtain locally, send 2d. to Wrigley's, and they will forward a 5-bar box post free. The Wrigley's "Spearmint" Way is a step in the right direction.

WRIGLEY'S, Ltd.
Lambeth Palace Road, London, S.E.

THE MAN WHO ARRESTED SMITH.

P. 16955



Inspector Neil (in centre) is in charge of the dead brides case; Detective-Sergeant Page is assisting him, and Detective-Sergeant Hood (wearing muffer) arrested prisoner. They are seen leaving Bow-street yesterday.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I don't want to wait till next week. Can't we go to-morrow, or Saturday?" Lady Merriam looked doubtful.

"I suppose we can, but is there any desperate hurry?"

"I want to go; I hate London! . . ."

"Very well," Lady Merriam looked resigned. "We'd better send some telegrams and things. There are several engagements we shall have to cancel. I am sure I don't know what people will say."

"That I'm breaking my heart, probably," said Sonia, flippantly.

"What does it matter what people say?" Lady Merriam did not attempt to get up an argument, she went on scribbling notes.

"By the way," she said, turning, "did you know that Isabel Crawford was engaged to that young Lawson who was killed last week?"

Sonia looked up, startled.

"Isabel Crawford!—engaged to Jack Lawson?"

"Yes, so her mother tells me. Awfully sad affair."

"She ought to be proud to feel that he died for his country."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Lady Merriam stoutly. "Take it from me, my dear, that mothers and sweethearts don't give a fig for the country when they hear that their sons and lovers have been butchered by those German savages. I dare say afterwards it may be a comforting sort of thought, but I don't think your first thought would be of the glory of the thing if you heard that Richard Chatterton had been killed by . . . Forgive me, Sonia, I keep forgetting that you're not engaged to him any longer."

Her voice and apology were so convincing it would have been difficult to guess that the whole thing had been deliberate. There was a slight smile in her eyes as she bent once more over her writing.

Sonia said nothing; she stood looking down into the fire, her lips tightly closed.

Supposing she were to hear that Richard were dead?

She wondered dully how she would feel. . . . But it was all so improbable; Richard, who had spent all these first months of the war safe and snug at home; Richard, who was now very probably on his way to America, travelling in a floating palace. . . . She moved restlessly.

For the first time since she had broken her engagement, she longed for Montague—longed for his presence and devotion to take her thoughts away from this new miserable restless unhappiness. If only he would walk into the room at that moment! She found herself listening for a step—a bell; but the silence was unbroken save for the scratch of Lady Merriam's pen.

Sonia tried to comfort herself with the assurance that she would not feel like this when she got down home to Buryvale. It was only London that was unsettling her; only this unbroken war atmosphere that had begun to wear her nerves.

And yet, at the back of her mind was a shadowy intangible conviction that she was deliberately cheating herself into this belief; that it was neither London nor the war that had given her this heartache, but the absence of something—someone—a tall, stalwart man with a lazy, caressing voice and careless, affectionate ways. She turned to Lady Merriam desperately.

"If only we . . ." She broke off; someone had tapped at the door—a servant entered; he carried a small parcel on a tray which he handed to Sonia—it was unaddressed.

The girl was conscious of a sudden apprehension; she half extended her hand to take it, and drew back.

"What is it? Who—who brought it, Parkins?" The man answered woodenly without raising his eyes.

"It was Mr. Carter, if you please, miss—Mr. Chatterton's servant."

There was a little silence; Lady Merriam's flying pen had stopped—it was she who spoke peremptorily.

"Put it on the table, Parkins."

When the door had closed on the man's wooden back, she rose with a little flutter of annoyance.

"Sonia, you should really learn to control yourself before the servants. It was perfectly patent—even to Parkins—that you—"

"Oh, what do I care!" Sonia broke in passionately. "Whatever would life be worth if one were for ever thinking about the servants, and what they are thinking. . . ."

She had taken up the parcel, and was tearing off the paper cover with nervous fingers.

Her haste made her clumsy; the paper slipped, scattering the contents over the floor—letters, photographs—letters, photographs.

Lady Merriam went laboriously down on her knees to gather up the little collection.

"Apparently you won't need to take my advice, Sonia," she said dryly. "Richard has returned your letters without being asked."

She looked up at the girl as she spoke; Sonia's face was as white as the soft lace about her throat, there was a sort of dazed expression in her eyes, but she forced herself to speak.

"It's just as well," she said in a hard voice. "Just as well! I didn't like to tell you before, but I promised Francis Montague this afternoon that I would marry him as soon as ever he liked."

There would be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

WOMAN'S LEAP FROM BLAZING HOUSE

Through leaping from the fourth story of a house which caught fire in Frederick-place, Old Jewry, yesterday, a young woman named Teresa MacCarthy, the daughter of the housekeeper, received serious injuries, including a fractured leg and several broken ribs.

Her father and mother, who waited for the arrival of the fire escape, were rescued unhurt.

The fire originated in the lower part of the premises, which were occupied by five business firms, and serious damage was done before the flames were extinguished.

BELGIAN ARMY "FULL OF FIGHT."

LE HAVRE, March 8.—An official Note issued by the Belgian Statistical Department denies the allegations in German papers that the Belgian effectives have been reduced to one army corps, which is demoralised, badly equipped and lacking in officers and ammunition.

The Note states that the Belgian Army opened the campaign with six army divisions and one division of cavalry, and at present, besides these effectives, includes a supplementary cavalry division. All units are perfectly organised and the army is fully equipped.

CHILBLAINS

NEW SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and quickly cures. Also for chaps. Paint it on and forget them. Won't wash off; you can wash over it. Antiseptic. Imitations disappoint. (Per Bottle, 7d.) Boots' 555 shops, and all chemists and stores.

NEW SKIN

Are you run-down?

When you take no interest in life and feel despondent and gloomy—your system is run-down—your vitality is exhausted. While you remain in this condition you are particularly vulnerable to the attacks of infectious diseases and influenza and colds. This is when you are in need of the Reliable Tonic IRON 'JELLOIDS' IRON 'JELLOIDS' are a safe inexpensive and convenient tonic for men, women, and children—they produce the rich vigorous blood essential to health and vitality.

Iron Jelloids

enrich the blood—renew vitality

As IRON 'JELLOIDS' restore the vigour of your blood your whole constitution feels the benefit, and you begin to feel fit and strong again, with a cheery outlook on life—your whole being is suffused with the glow of abundant strength and vitality. A Fortnight's IRON 'JELLOIDS' treatment costs but 1/11—get a box to-day.

Mrs. Crabbdale, Mayagath, Kells, Co. Meath, writes: "I was feeling very much run-down, ill and depressed. I saw an advertisement of your IRON 'JELLOIDS' and got a box and started taking them. I was greatly pleased with the result; my spirits, appetite and general health are much improved. I have now put my two girls on a course of them."

For Women, No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/11 and 2/9, or direct from The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dep. 72 R.D.), 205, City Rd., London.

IF BACK HURTS, FLUSH OUT THE KIDNEYS.

Some Good Advice by a Specialist.

People should be careful and not eat too much meat. Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, so says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meats excites the kidneys. They become overworked, get sluggish, clogged up, and cause all sorts of distressing complaints—back-ache, misery in the region of the kidneys, rheumatism, severe headache, acidity of the stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts, or kidneys fail to act right, or if you have to get up often in the night to relieve nature, get an ounce or two of carmarole compound from your chemist, and take 8 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine. It cleanses them right out and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralises the acids in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders. This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from kidney and bladder trouble should give it a trial; there is nothing better.—(Adv.)

BORWICK'S POWDER

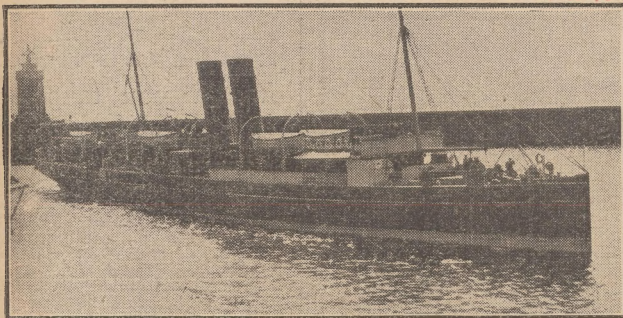
AS GOOD AS EVER. NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

The Best BAKING POWDER in the World.

LOANS DURING WAR
AS USUAL.
IMMEDIATE CASH ADVANCES
£20 TO £2,000.
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ON YOUR SIMPLE PROMISE TO REPAY.
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78, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.
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PIRATE MAKES A BAD SHOT.

Q. 2075 F



The mail packet Lydia, which was attacked by a German submarine while on a voyage from Jersey to Southampton. The torpedo missed by 40ft. There were fifty passengers on board at the time.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another Zeppelin Lost.

After passing over Calais last Friday a Zeppelin has not since been seen, says an official Berlin announcement.

"Aliens Employed Here" Notice.

The Home Secretary is to be asked to-day to arrange that any London hotels and restaurants which employ aliens shall exhibit a notice to that effect.

Washing Big Ben's Face.

The clearing of Big Ben, it is stated, will begin next Monday, and the clock will be stopped during the operations, which will last a week or ten days.

Doctors Wanted for the Army.

The War Office still need qualified medical practitioners for service in the Army, and candidates over forty years of age will be accepted for service at home.

Woman Killed in Hunting Field.

While hunting with the Blackmore Vale Foxhounds yesterday Miss Melissa Crofton, of Thornhill House, Dorset, was killed by her horse stumbling and falling on her.

More Chances to Learn Languages.

Considering that languages will be more necessary after the war, the London County Council proposes to provide special facilities in connection with evening institutes for the learning of modern languages.

Are British Captives Killed?

The Prime Minister is to be asked to-day in the House of Commons whether he has official knowledge of orders having been issued by German officers to their troops that British prisoners of war should be put to death.

Making Coal Supply Sure.

The first meeting was held yesterday of the Home Office Committee whose object it is to secure that the large number of miners enlisting shall not prevent the necessary supply of coal from being forthcoming during the war.

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

There was a slight improvement in the racing at Leicester yesterday, but favourites did not fare nearly so well as on the opening day.

St. Bruno, a firm favourite for the Belgrave Hurdle, met one too good for him in Islington, who won his fourth successive race in very easy style. Menlo, a stable companion to St. Bruno, made some amends by taking the Moderate Hurdle, in which he beat Kodak, the favourite, in a canter. Akur took the Spring Steeplechase, but was disqualified for crossing.

The National Hunt meeting opens at Cheltenham to-day, when nearly thirty competitors are expected for the big steeplechase. Selections are as follow—

1.15—Southam Steeplechase—LES ORMES.
1.45—Stayers' Hurdle—GARINISH ISLAND.
2.45—National Hunt Steeplechase—MOMAG.
3.30—Grand Annual Steeplechase—DUCK DUNN.
4.0—Gloucestershire Hurdle—DESMOND'S SONG.
4.30—Maiden Steeplechase—SIMON MAC.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

LES ORMES and DESMOND'S SONG.
BOUVIERIE.

LEICESTER RACING RETURNS.

1.20—Belgrave Hurdle. 3m—Islington (1-4, Mr. Casebourne), 1; Cloches (3-2), 5; St. Bruno (13-8), 3. 5 ran.
2.15—Syson Hurdle. 2m—Roman (5-1, W. Smith), 1; Laphius (4-1), 2; Moonraker (5-2), 3. 9 ran.
3.45—Moderate Hurdle. 2m—Menlo (2-1, Mr. Anthony), 1; Kodak (6-4), 2; Mintlaw (8-1), 3. 10 ran.
3.15—Workshop Chase. 2m—The Stait (6-5, G. Lyall), 1; Fervens (9-2), 2; Popshop (4-1), 3. 4 ran.
3.45—Spring Chase. 3m—Nemo (4-1, Whyle), 1; Finigan (10-15), 2; Hampton Lad (5-1), 3. 7 ran.
4.10—Thurston Chase. 2m—Tweedmill (1-5, Walkington), 1; Thistlebird (8-1), 2; Bright Avis (8-1), 3. 3 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP—9 Outram (t, o), 100 to 6 View Law (t, o), 100 to 6 Irish Chief (t, o), 20 Jarnac II (t, o).
GRAND NATIONAL—9 Irish Mail (t, o), 10 Bachelor's Flight (t, o), 20 Lord Marcus (t, o).

"DON'T TREAT ME" TICKETS.

A ticket pocket pledge bearing on one side the words, "Don't ask me to take intoxicating liquors, as I am an abstainer," has been prepared by the Royal Army Temperance Association, and more than 57,000 soldiers have signed it.

THE same surroundings that look gloomy and interesting to you to-day are—at this very moment—bright and full of interest to others.

That means you are missing part of the real joy of being alive. Miss a little of it every day, and how much of life will you miss on the total?

The days do not come back, you know.

The happiness and interest of living and working to-day must be seized this day, or missed forever.

You can't seize it if you are constipated. Not if your blood is loaded with wastes which should have been eliminated.

Not if your thoughts are slow, and dull, and gloomy—poisoned by that accumulation of wastes and gloom-poisons in your system.

You can't seize life's full happiness if your system is whipped and racked and weakened by un-gentle pills or purging draughts.

What would you think of a man who viewed everything through dark spectacles . . . when he could easily take them off?

But you can see life brightly—as brightly as others see it every day—if you keep your digestion and elimination right by the gentle, reliable, harmless influence of Cackle's Pills.

It is so easy to take off your dark spectacles!

Why not see how much brighter life looks when you take

Cackle's Pills

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/11 and 2/9.

Instant Relief from Rheumatic Pain



No need for you to endure the agony of Rheumatism for another hour. Touch the painful spot with Sloan's Liniment and away flies the pain. You don't have to rub it in—just lay it on lightly, it penetrates itself and brings relief at once.

Eased Pain Immediately.

Mrs. B. RULE, 50, Carsland Road, South Hackney, writes:—"My husband has suffered for a long time with acute Rheumatism in the hip, which has caused him considerable pain, and it is therefore hardly necessary for me to tell you how grateful he was to find Sloan's Liniment a preparation which not only eased the pain immediately but permanently removed it."



Instant Relief after 16 Years' Suffering.

Mrs. M. WHITESIDE, 14, Whitefield Lane, Kirkdale, writes:—"I have suffered from Rheumatism in my shoulders for over 16 years, during which period I have spent a great deal of money in trying to get something which would at least ease the pain, and I am grateful to say that in Sloan's Liniment I have found a preparation which has given me instant relief."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN INSTANTLY.

No matter how severe the pain may be, and whether caused by Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Sore Throat, Stings, &c., Sloan's Liniment will remove it. Always keep a bottle handy in case of emergency. Sold by all Chemists, Is. 6d., and 2s. 6d.

FREE SAMPLE

trial bottle FREE.

Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Harry Gratton's "ODDS AND ENDS," preceded by Hanako in "Oaks," 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Bal., 7s. 6d., 5s., upper circle, 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 8s. 1s. and 2s.
APOLLO.—At 2.30 and 8.30, Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BISKI LAY, by JACOB C. CARTON.
At 2 and 8 Chas. Corr. Matinee, Weds. Sat., at 2. COMEDY.
At 2 and 8, MAT. WEBS and SATS., at 5.
Preceded at 2.30 and 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.
DAILY, Leicester-square, at 2.30 and 8.30. EXQUISITE MEL Matinee Every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
GLOBE.—Today, 2.30 and 8.30. Miss LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.
HAYMARKET.—2.30 and 8. THE BOY LEUTENANT.
ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d.
HIS MAJESTY'S DAVID COPPERFIELD.
Today, 2.30 and 8. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.
KINGSWAY.—At 2.30 and 8.30, FANNY'S FIRST PLAY.
HENRY ANNLEY, LENA ASHWELL. Mats. Wed. Sat. LYBIE. Today, 2.30 and 8.
EVIE GREENE as Dolores. Mats. Weds. Sat. 2.30. NEW.
Evenings, at 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI.
Mlle. LYUBA LISKOFF as "SUZANNE."
Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Regent 4488.
ROYALTY.—THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.
DENNIS EADIE. At 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S.—KINGS AND QUEENS.
A New Play, by Rudolf Besler. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. MAMIE LOHR.
Mamie, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. Box-office, 1s. 3d. 3903.
SAVOY.—TO-DAY, at 3 and 8.45, MR. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS," by R. C. FLOREDA.
At 2.30 and 8.15, "The Plumbers," Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.30.
SHAFESBURY.—TONIGHT, at 8.
Special Production of MADAME BUTTERFLY, at 8.
To-morrow, Madame Butterfly. Fri. Tales of Hoffmann. Sat. Mat., Madame Butterfly. Sat. Eve, Tales of Hoffmann.

SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR, TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including FIGHTERS actually taken during NAVAL BATTLES.
STRAND.—TODAY, at 2.30: TO-NIGHT, at 8.
JULIA NEILSON.—At 3 and 8.45, FRED TERRY. Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Gerard 3330.
VADEVILLE.—At 3 and 8.45, BABY MINE.
WEDDON GROSSMITH, IRIS HOBY.
2.30 and 8.15, Arthur Helmore. Mats. Weds. Sat., 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—Varieties, 3. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).
HIPPEDROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30, "BUSINESS AS USUAL," VIOLET LORRAINE, UNIVY MORE, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRY LEONI, PALADE.—"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," with ELSIE JANIS, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, BASIL HALLAM, NELSON KEYS, GWENDOLINE BLOCH, LEWIS WARD, etc. Varieties, at 8.
PALADIUM.—5.10 and 9. Mats. Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Harry Day's Latest Revue, "PASSING EVENTS," CLARICE MAYNE and "THAT BETTY KING, TWO BOYS, SAM MAYO, HUXTER BROS., etc."
MASKELYNE and DEVAUNT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Sat., 1s. to 5s. New Illusion, THE CURIOUS CASE, Mr. Harrison Hill.

MARKETING BY POST.

BACON.—Delicious boneless fillets, 12 lbs., 11d. lb.; choicest dairy fed hams, 10 to 12 lbs., 10d. lb.; full sides, 45 lbs., 10d. lb.; smoked or unsmoked; keep 8 weeks; satisfaction guaranteed; price list free.—Bosdon Bacon Company, Redhill, East, Bristol.
GAME! Game! 1 Game! 2 Partridges, 3s. 6d.; 3 Hired Hens, 3s. 6d.; 2 Wild Ducks, 4s. 6d.; 3 Pheasants, 5s. 6d.; 1 Wild Duck and 3 Partridges, 6s.; 4lb. Shoulder Lamb and 2 Partridges, 5s. 6d.; Hare and 2 White Game, 5s. 3d.; Hare and Pheasant 5s. 6d.; all carriages paid; all birds trussed. Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware Road, London, W.
ST. Patrick's Day, Seal Shamrock, 6d. and 1s. boxes.—C. Gunn, 33, Talbot-st., Dublin.



The Fourth Officer: "You are vain, Bo'sun! Fancy using a high-class polish like Cherry Blossom Boot Polish for your old sea boots."

The Bo'sun: "Lor, sir, I don't care a hang about looks. It's because Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is such a real waterproofing medium that I use it. And it preserves the leather, too, sir."

Such remedies for obesity as drugs, "tablets," exercising and dieting are quite out of date. **SLENDERIZON**, the great secret remedy for stoutness, is simply put in your bath. Eat as much as you like, exercise as little as you like. **SLENDERIZON** will restore your figure to its former beauty. Send 1/- with 2d. extra for carriage, for a

£5,000 OFFERED FOR WAR SNAPSHOTS: See Page 10

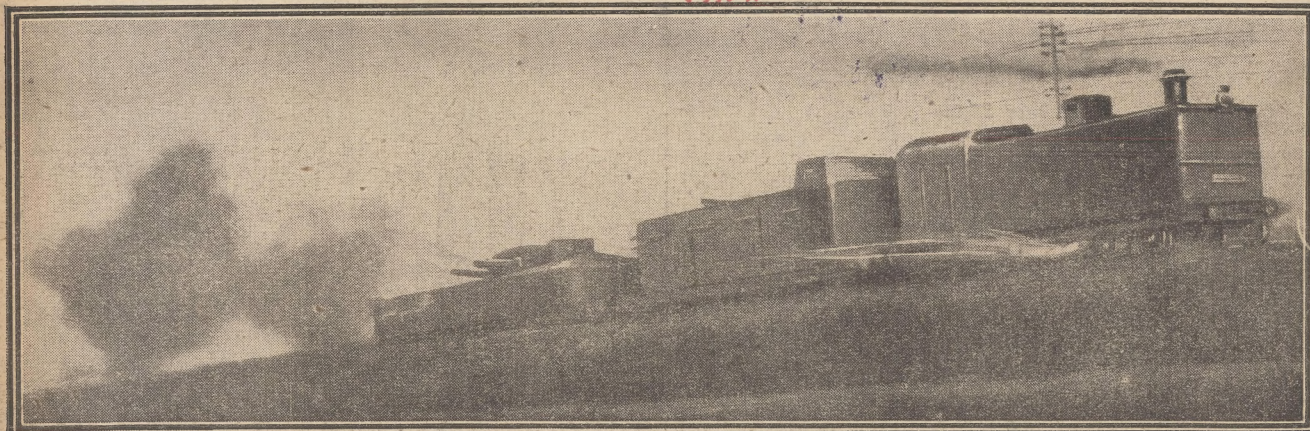
'KEEPER of the Kaiser's Soul'—the Man Nobody Envies : : Picture.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

THE President of the Chinese Republic makes Sacrifice : Pictures.

DEALING DEATH FROM THE RAILWAY: ARMoured TRAIN IN ACTION.



Firing the guns from a British armoured train, a method of attack which has been largely employed during the war. In fact, every conceivable weapon has been used,

from the catapult to the Queen Elizabeth's monster '15-inchers.' The picture was taken when the train was travelling at full speed.

BRITISH CREW RESCUED.



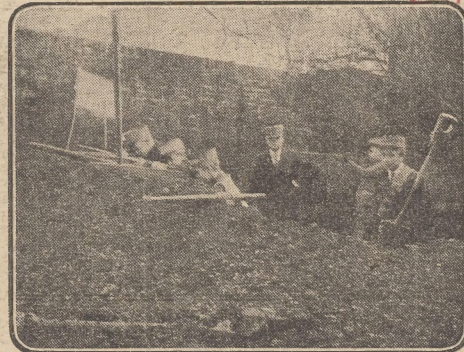
The crew of the Liverpool steamer Bengrave, brought to Ilfracombe after their rescue. An explosion occurred on board, which some people think was caused by a torpedo.

AIRMAN'S LIFEBELT.



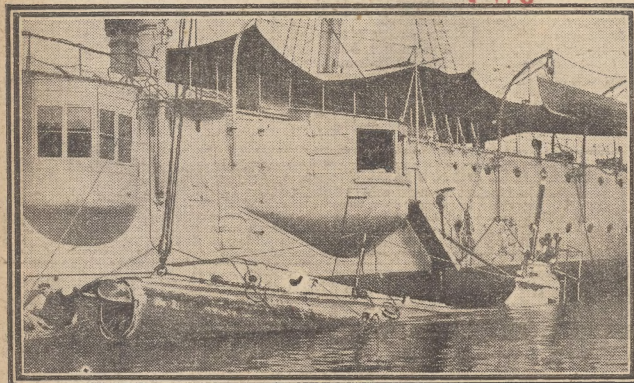
British naval airman about to start on a flight across the sea. He is wearing a special lifebelt.

CHILDREN IN TRENCHES.

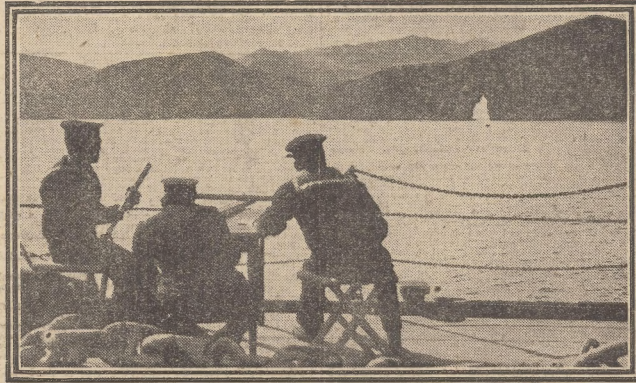


Children of Belgian refugees play at soldiers in their new London home. They have dug a deep trench in the garden, and defend it stubbornly against the enemy.

HITTING A SUBMARINE'S PERISCOPE: SKILFUL BRITISH GUNNERS AT PRACTICE.



As the German Fleet is in hiding our submarines have, unfortunately, lacked targets; but the E9 and the B11 have both performed splendid feats. The first picture shows an underwater craft being raised by the parent ship for examination. Note the



fox terrier running calmly about on the hull. The second picture shows gunners practising with a target which represents the periscope of an enemy vessel. A hit has just been made. A miss is a rare event.